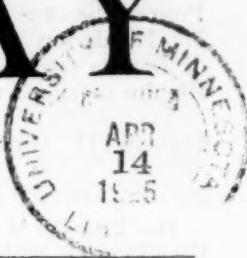


THE SATURDAY REVIEW



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CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK	317	DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXLIV :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		The Gold Standard. By 'Quiz'	327
Why the Protocol Will Not Do ...	319		
The Indian Problem	321		
MIDDLE ARTICLES :		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :	
Lord Curzon. By G. H. Mair ...	323	Loiterers and Malcontents ...	328
Letters from a Traveller. III.		'The Book of the Beresford	
Gandhi and Some Others ...	322	Hopes'	328
Concerning Plagiarism. By		Enterprising French Dressmakers	329
Dyneley Hussey	323	Eros	329
ART. By Anthony Bertram :		Unhappy Marriages ...	329
R.W.I.	325	"Up to"	329
The Mayor Gallery ...	325	NEW FICTION. By Gerald	
The Arlington Gallery ...	325	Gould :	
XXI Gallery ...	325	Mastro-Don Gesualdo ...	330
THE THEATRE :		The Land of the Fathers ...	330
Between Two Styles. By Ivor		Beggars of Life ...	330
Brown	325	The Little Karoo ...	330
SATURDAY STORIES. XXXI :		REVIEWS :	
Half a Crown. By Xenia Noelle		Charles Dickens and Other Vic-	
Lowinsky	326	torians ...	331
		The Journal of Nicholas Cress-	
		well ...	331
		REVIEWS (continued)	
		Letters from W. H. Hudson to	
		Edward Garnett ...	332
		Fighting the World ...	332
		Two Vagabonds in the Balkans	332
		The Great Betrayal ...	333
		Fugitive Notes on Some Cantatas	
		of Bach ...	333
		Some Reminiscences ...	333
		Memorials of Albert Venn Dicey	333
		Burton the Anatomist ...	334
		Commercial Year-Book of the	
		Soviet Union ...	334
		A Discourse upon Usury ...	334
		Three Plays of Plautus ...	334
		THE BANKS AND THE NATION. By Sydney Brooks	336
		CITY NOTES ...	340
		ACROSTICS ...	344
		MOTORING. By H. Thornton	
		Rutter ...	344

NOTICE

Owing to the strike of Printers' Warehousemen and Binders, which as we go to press remains unsettled, there is likely to be some delay in the distribution of the SATURDAY REVIEW this week. Readers are asked to bear this fact in mind should they experience difficulty in obtaining copies of the paper. In all instances where punctual distribution may prove impracticable stocks will be reserved.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE foreign affairs debate in the Commons on Tuesday was of rare interest and importance. The British Government is now quite definitely committed to the German security proposals—that is, to a scheme for the signature of a Pact embracing Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium, perhaps also Italy, whereby Germany will voluntarily accept her present Western frontiers as permanent, thus renouncing the attitude of protest against the reincorporation of Alsace and Lorraine in the French Republic. Simultaneously, Germany offers a guarantee not to attempt to alter her Eastern frontiers by force.

"HONEST AND SINCERE"

A section of the British Press has outsped its French contemporaries in eagerness to denounce the German proposals as having no other design than to queer the pitch for a Franco-Belgo-British Pact. The Foreign Secretary acknowledged in his speech that the somewhat furtive method in which those proposals had been made had at first unfavourably influenced him. Now, however, he is "convinced that the German Government is making an honest and sincere attempt to lead to a better state of things." No more weighty, no more reassuring announcement has come for many months from the mouth of a Minister of the Crown.

THE PROTOCOL

Mr. Henderson, as one of the authors of the Protocol, made a gallant attempt to speak of that document as still being a living and significant political issue. The worst that can be said about the Protocol was, however, implicit in his own speech—namely that, professing to bring such comfort and consolation to the peoples as shall assuage their terrors and induce a state of mind favourable to disarmament, it is so complicated

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

and obscure that its very parents are unable to speak intelligibly of it. In reply to the well-known criticism that the British Navy would under the Protocol become the tool of a non-British body, Mr. Henderson claimed that "disputes arising out of warlike operations undertaken by the British Empire in support of the League should not be referred to the Permanent Court for settlement." How lucid! How comforting!

MR. BALDWIN'S SPEECH

The Protocol is not the sole method of tackling the Security problem which can henceforth be regarded as definitely rejected. The Victors' Pact directed against Germany, which Mr. Austen Chamberlain makes no secret of having himself advocated within the Cabinet, is now also to be numbered among the projects condemned as more harmful than helpful to the cause of peace. The Prime Minister spoke late in the evening, and little attention was paid by the daily Press to his admirable contribution to the discussion. "Were we advocating a tripartite Pact directed against Germany we should be heading straight towards some fresh balance of power," he remarked; and fresh balance of power in this connexion means fresh European war. The sense that war on a scale calculated to destroy European civilization beyond hope of repair is so far from being an unlikely contingency within the next half-century that only heroic measures can avail to avert it, was lively in speeches that came from every part of the House.

TWO EX-PREMIERS

Mr. MacDonald's contribution to the discussion was a little disappointing. The statesman responsible in so large a degree for the restoration of tolerable relations between the Western Powers—without which the present discussions could never have come to pass—had no need whatever to belittle the scope of the proposed Pact inclusive of Germany, or to pretend to see in it the danger of a re-partition of Europe into rival blocks. In fact, such an insinuation is ridiculous. The Labour leaders and other Protocolists talk as if the world we live in were composed of thousands of States all suffering from similar maladies, of which it would be idle to attend to one at a time. The fact is quite different. The Franco-German problem is unique in its difficulty and importance. Solve it, and half Europe's troubles are at an end. As to Mr. Lloyd George's irresponsible ebullition, we can only express our wonder that the ex-Premier's sense of the ridiculous did not cut him short. To hear the Chief Artificer of the Versailles Treaty tearing it to pieces with a gusto and a one-sided fanaticism worthy of the late E. D. Morel must have been a strange experience indeed. We are glad to notice, so far, an absence of reference to this outburst of breezy malevolence in the French Press.

THE EGYPTIAN FIASCO

The one lesson which emerges from the fantastic collapse of the new Egyptian Government within a few hours of the assembly of Parliament is the complete absurdity of the idealism which conceived the idea of applying a parliamentary system to Egypt. The real balance of power, as between the

Zaghlulists and their opponents, revealed by the results of the elections, was in any case a very debatable problem. But the turnover of votes, which in fact gave the more moderate party a slight predominance of constituencies over the extreme fanatics, who only twelve months ago filled nearly every seat in the Chamber, remains a significant proof of a considerable revulsion of feeling in the country against Zaghlul's irreconcilable attitude towards Great Britain. If a small Cabinet of responsible men were in a position to rule Egypt without the hindrance supplied by 600 unscrupulous and ignorant Deputies, the situation might hold hopes of some satisfactory issue. As it is, the purchase or intimidation of a sufficient number of hungry Parliamentarians has sufficed to plunge the country back into chaos.

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM

It was a welcome announcement, though not an unexpected one, made by the Lord Chancellor in the Upper House on Wednesday to the effect that the Government intend to take steps to reform their Lordships' Chamber. We have repeatedly urged that the present Government have a unique opportunity, as they have a direct duty, to undertake this vital task. But first of all, said Lord Cave, they must have time to investigate: a Cabinet Committee is to consider the question immediately. Lord Haldane's plea to "let well alone" came naïvely from a Labour ex-Lord Chancellor. Lord Asquith, less than characteristically desirous of drift, expressed his convenient belief that now is the hour for a Conservative Government to redeem his pledge of fourteen years ago, but that constructive proposals must come from the Government.

SOME SUGGESTIONS

These the Lord Chancellor, of necessity somewhat vaguely, suggested in his speech. The power to certify Money Bills should be vested in a joint body of both Houses; the existing Upper Chamber is too big; differences between the two Houses might be settled by means of conferences, joint sittings, or—more satisfactorily perhaps—by a popular Referendum. Any reconstituted Chamber, he added, must contain a reasonable representation of the peerage, but the difficulty, it seems to us, is to decide upon what constitutes reasonable representation. His insistence on the need for representation from outside is important, because without it the Second Chamber would be likely to remain not truly representative of varying political opinions in the country, and the old complaint against it would stand.

SINGAPORE

Never was there anything so alterable in character to suit an argument as the Singapore scheme. At one moment we are assured that the Singapore base must be utterly valueless; at the next we are told, by the same critics or their colleagues, that the base will be regarded as a grave menace to a Power actually remote but polemically described as a neighbour. The Socialist critics really cannot have it both ways. Nor does their own record in regard to Singapore entitle them to absolute freedom in criticism. Rumour has it that, though disapproving of the scheme, they, while in office,

turned a blind eye on the progress of work there. With what object? We must be excused if we suspect certain Socialists of a good deal of insincerity regarding Singapore.

FACTORY LEGISLATION

For some time past a movement has been on foot to consolidate and amend the Factory and Workshops Acts, and when a Conservative Government was last in power Mr. Bridgeman, who then presided over the Home Office, busied himself with collecting material for drafting a measure which, in addition to being a consolidating measure, should include amendments covering industrial welfare and the improvements of conditions governing employment in factories and workshops. The Conservative Government went out of office before his task was completed, and the material collected passed into the hands of Mr. Henderson, who proceeded to draft the Bill. Change of Government again intervened, and now Sir William Joynson-Hicks has, it is understood, made several changes in the draft and spent a good deal of time in recasting the Bill. But while we fully appreciate his desire and that of the Government to make the measure as effective as possible, we confess to some disappointment that its introduction has been delayed. Hardly any of our chief competitors have introduced legislation on the lines accepted at the International Labour Conference, but, without giving away any secrets, we may say that many of the suggestions made are likely to be incorporated in the new Bill.

THE MONEYLENDING BILL

Lord Carson's Moneylending Bill is, we understand, to be referred to a Committee of both Houses, and the Committee will be empowered to take evidence and call for witnesses. That being so, a moneylender finding himself aggrieved by any of the suggestions which have found acceptance in the House of Lords will be able to come before the joint tribunals and state his case for rejection. It is not the intention of the Government to move without full investigation, but it may be assumed that, once the inquiry has been held and the Committee has reported, no time will be lost in introducing a Bill embodying the Committee's findings. There can be no doubt that the freedom so long allowed to moneylenders has led to considerable abuse, and that some measure of restriction is long overdue. We are all for maintaining the liberty of the subject, but when that liberty is abused, as is so often the case with the moneylender, it behoves the Government to step in with remedial legislation.

HERRIOT AND THE CLERICS

The Clerical issue was the occasion last Saturday of what is described as the wildest scene in the French Chamber of Deputies for twenty-five years. We referred last week to the singularly unwise pronouncement of the French Cardinals on the laws at present governing the relations between Church and State in France, a pronouncement which caused a good deal of heart searching among Catholics who are faithful to the existing régime—and that is the great majority. On Saturday M. Herriot delivered a trenchant reply to it. After one of those historic-literary dis-

sertations which the French Chamber always enjoys, he delivered himself of a phrase which may yet resound through history. He admired the Christianity of the Catacombs, he said, not that of the Bankers. M. Herriot's speech seems to have antagonized much the same class as had already been distressed by the reactionary utterance of the Cardinals, and had thereby been thrust into a certain sympathy with the present Government.

BOAT RACE NIGHT

Various theatres and establishments at which cabaret performances are given have deemed it necessary, in the light of experience, to take special precautions against what is politely called ragging, and might be accurately described as hooliganism, on the night of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. The necessity cannot be denied, but must be deplored by everyone with a respect for the two Universities. Can that be called education which does not restrain young men from behaving like boisterous cads in places of entertainment? We venture to think not. It should surely, in this era of contempt for tradition and of pretence that neither birth nor education go to the making of a gentleman, be incumbent on every young member of either University to prove that such precautions against stupid rowdyism are superfluous.

WHY THE PROTOCOL WILL NOT DO

BRITISH statesmen are unanimous in treating as the greatest of our international problems the necessity that "security," a term we will not try to define, be assured to the peoples of Europe, destined otherwise to perish in fratricidal strife within a measurable period of time. We in Britain are concerned both with our own security and with that of other peoples. The two are inextricably mingled. Although we stand somewhat aloof from the racial feuds of the Continent, interested primarily in the future of our own world-scattered race, we are utterly unable with safety to dissociate ourselves from Europe's concerns. Britain, the delicate nerve centre of a vast and vague Imperial system, can exist only by the toleration (whether from motives of amity or from incapacity to think and act in unison) of our position by the Continent of Europe. We can neither afford to allow the formation of a European coalition jealous of, and hostile to, ourselves, nor yet to see a single nation impose its will on the rest of Europe and range it as a suffocating combination against us. A great war in Central Europe without our participation means probably the second of these perils: an attempt to leave Europe to stew in its own juice means almost inevitably the first. Concern for our own security, together with the great importance of Europe as a supplying and purchasing factor in our trade, impels us, however little we may like it, to take the liveliest interest in that of other peoples.

We have refrained from defining security: let us, roughly, call it the absence of a sense of menace. For Britain this means the absence of a European menace to the communications which enable our 40 millions to live far removed from the sources of our food supply and raw materials.

For France it means the absence of the menace that the German people, vastly out-numbering her own inhabitants, and increasing apace, may descend one day upon her fertile, under-populated lands, and put an end to the magnificent history of the French nation. For Germany it means relief from the menace of a France, herself goaded by fear, seeking to make the best of a momentary advantage and to hold her giant enemy enshamed as the Philistines held blind Samson, until at last both be overwhelmed in the wreckage of the pillars of Gaza. Almost every nation in Europe has a menace of this kind ever present to its mind, and by seeking to insure against it creates a menace for another nation.

To remedy this situation proposals have been advanced which fall, roughly, into two categories. (1) Projects for the association of menaced powers with a common interest in keeping a particular menacer or group of menacers "down and out." (2) Projects for the association of menacers and menaced—the threat being at present reciprocal—in such a way as to eliminate the menace at its root. Under the first heading come the Little Entente, the alliances of France with Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, perhaps also the Russo-German Treaty of 1922. While few people in this country would denounce all and several of the Powers which have entered into these agreements, probably not many feel that as a permanent institution such alliances give much effective check to the likelihood of future wars. On the contrary, by stereotyping the division of Europe into rival camps, they make ultimately for the kind of catastrophe which overwhelmed us in 1914. That is why the project of a British pact with France and Belgium alone, for the protection of those countries against the German menace, has utterly failed to gain the approval of public opinion in this country.

Of all proposals put forward since 1919 the most ambitious, the most eagerly discussed, and the least generally understood is the so-called Geneva Protocol. "Stamped all over with the military and Continental mentality of Prague and Paris" is the sonorous taunt of Mr. Garvin. "A booby-trap for Britain baited with arbitration," echoes Mr. Lloyd George. This is the document of which the preamble declares its aims to be the prescription of open, just, and honourable relations between nations, the firm establishment of the understanding of international law as the actual law of conduct among Governments, and the achievement of international peace and security. Are the ferocious criticisms of Mr. Garvin and Mr. Lloyd George justified? Underneath its pacific cloak does the Protocol bristle with daggers and poniards? Or are Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson, who, whatever their faults, cannot be accused of having the "military and Continental mentality of Paris and Prague" justified in their eulogies of the document they helped to bring into the world? Should we, in fact, rejoice over the rejection of the Protocol as an escape from imminent disaster, or regret it as the loss of a unique opportunity to lead the progressive forces in Europe towards a happier, safer existence?

We will first of all apply to the Protocol the test adduced in a previous paragraph. Is this a project to associate a group of menaced nations in opposition to a menacer or group of menacers? Or does it attempt to bring menacers and menaced together,

and to eliminate the menace? It is impossible to reply with a simple yes or no. The British formulators certainly aimed at the second result: some of the Continental formulators were keener upon the suppression, if not the extinction, of their particular menacer. The mark of these Continental strivings comes out plain in the Protocol in the following way. Offence against treaties is to be visited upon the offender pitilessly, by the whole array of signatories; but from the sphere of disputes subject to arbitration all matters affecting the integrity of treaties are strictly excluded. True, the modest recognition in the League Covenant that treaties may some day require revision is not tampered with, but neither is it reinforced. The means of revising treaties by peaceful methods remains as before, lamentably insufficient: the penalty for trying to revise them by force is considerably aggravated. In short, as it stood the Protocol could hardly hope for any serious support in the countries vanquished in the late war, and without their participation the union of signatory Powers would be a League of Victors—a constant menace to the vanquished.

This is not the sole reason why the Protocol as it stood could not have been accepted by any British Government. There are also Imperial reasons. The Protocol knows nothing of the British Empire. The Dominions would figure as individual, independent signatories. The renowned "automatic" system of determining an aggressor (by his own failure to submit to arbitral settlement of his dispute) might, theoretically, bring the different parts of our Empire into conflict with each other. We cannot enumerate the further objections arising from the obligation in certain circumstances to inflict sanctions upon non-signatory States.

Almost all the adherents of the Protocol in this country, staunch supporters of the League, recognize these and other defects, and would have advocated signature only after they had been remedied. To such persons who bitterly deplore the rejection of the Protocol by our present Government as a set-back to the League we would submit the following consideration: The League of Nations is not a thing in itself—it is a method through which Governments collaborate. What the League does is what Governments, acting through it, do. If Governments find easier methods of achieving the same ends as might conceivably have been attained through the League, is this to be considered a blow in the eye for the League? Far from it. Membership of the League would be indeed a tyranny were Geneva to claim a monopoly in international achievement.

As we have stated on previous occasions, the worst defect of the Protocol is its impermeable obscurity to the brain of the average man. Security—the absence of a sense of menace—is a state of mind. The average man is comforted by the thought of an alliance of which he may not know the precise terms, but which strikes him as something solid and tangible. The obscure and shadowy Protocol could never give him this comfort. That is why we approve with all our hearts the decision of the Government to set their heart upon the German proposals, rather than upon the Protocol. This does not in any way preclude the initiation at some later date of a more comprehensive scheme in which Geneva can play its due part.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

CONSERVATIVES find themselves at the present time in a very difficult position in regard to India. The policy which initiated the experiment lately reported on by the Muddiman Committee was not Conservative in its origin. We will go further, and say that it was not inspired by impulses normal with any large section of the British people. The momentous decision of 1917 was taken under the Coalition, with Conservative acquiescence rather than enthusiasm; and it was taken at a time when the circumstances and the mood of this people were peculiar, when self-determination had become for a while a fetish, and when for once our statesmen were disposed to believe in the efficacy of paper constitutions. That the decision reached under abnormal conditions issued in the Act of 1919 was almost wholly due to the fact that the Secretaryship of State for India was held by the late Mr. Montagu. No man less ambitious, less persistent, less resourceful in meeting objections by the provision of ingenious, though often unworkable, checks and balances could have secured the acceptance of a measure according so ill with the general principles of British and Dominion political life, and presenting so many complexities and weaknesses. Mr. Montagu succeeded, after expert criticism had torn his scheme to pieces, partly because he in his fashion cared supremely for the future of India when most of his colleagues were tepid about it, and partly because at that time there was an idea abroad that the chief duty of Great Britain was to bow, as gracefully as might be, to some mysterious and quite irresistible force making everywhere in the world for self-determination.

Conservatives acquiesced with many doubts and fears, and the ear of memory still hears the words of gloomy resignation in which Lord Curzon, feeling that a new India had come into existence, acknowledged that the experiment must be made. But, with whatever reservations and anxieties, Conservatives made themselves jointly responsible for an Act utterly unlike any measure that could possibly have come from Mr. Chamberlain, by whose quixotic retirement over the Mesopotamian scandal Mr. Montagu had been enabled to gain control of Indian affairs. They knew that Mr. Montagu, a few days before his appointment, had delivered a preposterous attack on the whole system of Indian administration, and was far too violently prejudiced to judge it fairly when he went out to India at the end of 1917. They knew that the whole procedure, whereby the Secretary of State and a weak Viceroy fathered a scheme and then invited the opinion of subordinate Indian authorities, was wrong, and that, in accordance with precedent, inquiry and tentative recommendations should have been entrusted to a Royal Commission. But, with some grimaces, they swallowed the scheme and the Act. And now they find themselves almost bound to fight for it, to insist that the experiment shall be prolonged for the stipulated ten years, because the scrapping of the experiment is demanded in India by those who are bitterly hostile to the British *Raj* however constituted.

Conservatives are thus driven to discovering in

the scheme virtues which they could not see in 1919, which have not been revealed in its working, and which even the Majority Report of the Muddiman Committee hardly claims for it. The best that the Majority Report can say of the scheme is that it has not quite definitely and generally failed. It admits numerous and serious defects, while postponing judgment on points of the first importance, so far as the terms of reference allowed of their being considered at all. Certain of the defects it is proposed to remedy, and we do not doubt that partial remedies have been found by the majority of the Committee. For example, insistence on the joint responsibility of Indian Ministers would diminish the evils which have sometimes resulted from the Governor, in regard to a "transferred" subject, acting simply with the single Indian Minister in charge of it. But by no means whatsoever is it possible to remedy the prime trouble, from which the Muddiman Committee averts its gaze. So long as departments of the highest importance are "reserved," that is to say, administered by the bureaucratic and mainly British half of the Government, while less important departments are "transferred" to the quasi-popular and Indian half, Ministers will be judged by their attitude to the former, instead of by their administration of the latter. In other words, they will be judged by reference to matters for which they are not responsible, instead of by reference to those for which they are responsible. This alone makes the scheme almost worthless as a means of political education; and nothing that can be done in pursuance of the recommendations contained in the Majority Report of the Muddiman Committee can remove the fundamental defects of a scheme which has again and again broken down, as in Bengal and the Central Provinces, and is everywhere discredited.

What do Conservatives propose to do in regard to this wretched inheritance from the Coalition and from the days when Wilsonian sentimentalism about self-determination swamped our common-sense? By a free use of arbitrary power to put things right after every breakdown, the experiment can be prolonged till 1929. By violating the spirit of the Act its letter can be preserved. But by the end of the period, with lost prestige and disheartened public servants, this country will lack the means of going back on the experiment, if that should then be decided upon. To postpone judgment in this matter is, in fact, to deprive ourselves of giving effect to any but a favourable judgment. Are Conservatives willing to pursue such a course? Will they not rather nerve themselves to face the truth that the experiment has failed, through its own weaknesses, through the unwillingness of most Indian politicians to work it, through the intensification of religious and communal animosities in India? To scrap the scheme is not necessarily to return to the *status quo ante*. We are not preaching blind reaction. But no scheme will succeed in India which ignores the truths that nationhood for all India is a dream as foolish as that of nationhood for all Europe, that other and smaller units must be created for self-government, and that the capital problem of India is the problem of the *ryot*, who has no wish for Parliamentary institutions and no capacity for political life.

LORD CURZON

By G. H. MAIR

IT was a curious circumstance that in the eulogies of Lord Curzon of Kedleston pronounced in the two Houses of Parliament on Monday last—tributes paid without the least possibility of collusion, no notes compared—there was an identity of selection of the qualities in him which were to be recorded, admired, and saluted in affectionate memory. Curious, too, that they were very simple qualities, such as might be inculcated in any of those little handbooks with which wayward youth strives, how often so ineffectually and desultorily, to fit itself for an effective participation in the work of the world. Self-help; an unremitting industry; the determination to exact nothing from others which you are not willing to do—and do, in fact, do—yourself; faithfulness in business; fortitude in pain; high ambition, and the ability when ambition is disappointed to keep a brave countenance, not to be tempted into bitterness or rancour: these were the qualities celebrated, justly by all, and eloquently by the Prime Minister in the Commons and Lord Oxford in the Lords. They are, of course, the very alphabet of a simple and austere morality. How seldom, none the less, do men emerge who could fairly claim that they had learnt the alphabet themselves, or can sincerely impute a knowledge of it to their contemporaries.

Lord Curzon's right to receive these commendations is unassailable. How to square it with his undoubted delight in the colour and glitter and magnificence of life—the stars and the garters, the howdahs and the elephants, the majesty which surrounds high and ceremonial offices, savoured so exquisitely to the full? The glib slang of a vanished day used to say "Noblesse oblige." To Lord Curzon the phrase was no mere tag, but a simple statement of fact to be realized in all its implications. Nobility required from you not only diligence in business, a steady envisagement of physical anguish, public anxiety, or private grief, but also the immittigable exactation of its rights, privileges and honours, and their recognition of them by your fellow-countrymen and by the world at large. The same man who was meticulous in his conduct of his private affairs, keeping his own household books, engaging and dismissing personally his own servants, answering his own telephone, disdaining nearly completely the apparatus of secretarial assistance, and writing nearly all his letters, even to strangers, in his own hand, would in a little French watering-place exasperate the local authorities by the imperiousness of his requirements and his inflexible determination to have the deference due to the long string of dignities and honours set out in a truncated form on the passport issued by himself to himself which he carried in his pocket. There was no incongruity, only reciprocal duties which, faithfully performed as he well knew on his side, he had a right to require should be faithfully performed on the other.

Naturally, the habit of patient study and investigation of every subject which presented itself to him, acquired in early youth and maintained till the article of death, made him intolerant of people of different mind and method. The

florid exuberance of Lord Kitchener, who thought by flashes of intuition and employed the considerable resources of a mind to which intrigue was congenial and a half-legendary prestige to crush whatever stood in his way, was obviously distasteful to him. The Kitchener methods won, but in the long run Lord Curzon was—tragically—proved perfectly right. He found it difficult not to assume a rather more than magisterial attitude towards the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, and to the luckless back-bench Tory peers in the Lords when, taking advantage of the delicious laxity of procedure in that Chamber, they raised any question which seemed to his fastidious mind foolish or even no more than inconvenient. A host of anecdotes—some of them true, many no doubt invented—illustrate this intellectual intolerance of his well enough. And because people find intellectual intolerance very much more difficult to understand than social intolerance, his impatience with people whom he conceived as idle, casual, or foolish became transmuted in popular rumour into fables about his remoteness from his fellow-men—culminating in the absurd anecdote about his seeing troops bathing behind the lines and marvelling at the whiteness of their skins. As a matter of fact, he was an adroit, humorous, and extremely effective public speaker, who could hold his own on a platform faced by the proletariat as well as Mr. Lloyd George himself, and a great deal better than most of his own party. I have seen him at gatherings of people entirely outside his normal surroundings, the soul of gaiety and friendliness, obviously enjoying himself. He was an admirable chairman for any committee, and instantly acquired the confidence of people about whose business he was necessarily at the outset completely unfamiliar, but about which, by the application of his strong intelligence and resourcefulness, he very quickly informed himself—and by no means superficially either. He had an informed enthusiasm for art, preserved the national monuments of India, constantly visited the National Gallery and took an active share in its rearrangement and the policy of its director, had a fine taste in letters, an absorbed interest in travel. The University of Oxford found in him one of the greatest of its Chancellors. Indeed, with an oblique glance at certain eighteenth-century figures, you would have to go back in English history as far as Cardinal Wolsey to find a parallel to him.

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER

III—GANDHI AND SOME OTHERS

IHAVE been spending some time among Indian politicians of all grades of opinion. The National Assembly, as set up by the Reforms, is sitting in Delhi. Of all the Assemblies I have ever seen this is the most picturesque. Geneva, where one thought one had variety, becomes drab in comparison. The floor of the House is arranged very much like the House of Commons, except that immediately on the Speaker's left is the Viceregal box, looking every bit like a privileged seat at an opera. It is the members themselves who supply the variety; you have the Government members and the nominated Europeans all in very correct morning dress. They possess an element of

sartorial glossiness with which our Imperial Parliament cannot, in these democratic days, compete. A number of Indians follow the same habit of Western correctness; a few lounge suits intervene, but not many. After that it is difficult to make categories; lounge suits and *tarbushes*, lounge suits and turbans, long black overcoats, white slacks and turbans; all these stand as intermediaries between full Western dress and the wonderful white toga and white hat of Pundit Motilal Nehru, the Swarajist Leader of Assembly or the masses of brown *chuddar*, with which many Swarajists show their patriotism and keep themselves warm.

No, my dear man, I am not writing a fashion article, nor am I trying to erect a philosophy of clothes, but is not this very variety a symbol of India's variety—is it not symptomatic of the perplexity of her problems? It is the same with her leading personalities. I met on the same day Mr. Ginnah, the young Mussulman Leader of the Independent Party in the Assembly, and Gandhi. Ginnah seemed the epitome of Western culture and intellectualism. One can argue with him sanely, and he possesses what Indians so rarely develop, a sense and appreciation of detail: we may hear more of him later. Of course, he believed, as all Indian politicians believe, that the reforms do not give anything worth having, and that the progress to Indian self-government should be hastened; but he discussed the great outstanding difficulties—illiteracy, the Native States, the defence of the frontier, and, above all, India's dependence on the British Navy.

I do not pause to criticize his opinions, for I want to point a contrast of personalities. With Gandhi one moved into a different world, a world that was intensely Eastern. I met Gandhi in Delhi one morning while the Unity Conference, to promote Hindu-Muslim understanding, was conducting its deliberations. A diminutive brown figure with thin ascetic cheeks, he squatted on the floor wrapped in blankets of home-spun *chuddar*. It was the breakfast-hour, and after apologies, he proceeded to eat his rice and grapes from little brass vessels placed on a low stool in front of him. I do not profess to understand him, but he is a figure who commands respect, even with the majority of our officials here. He expounded his policy in a cultured voice and in excellent English. He seems to recognize the failure of his non-co-operation agitation, but he still advocates hand-spinning by the entire population, and a boycott of foreign cloth, as India's only hope. I advanced the usual economic and practical arguments which militate so emphatically against this vision of a continent of self-supporting peasantry. Gandhi would not come down to discuss details: he professes a passionate faith in his peasantry, and believes that they will work and endure for the sake of *Swaraj*. I placed before him the actual conditions and hardships of the peasantry as I had found them—debts, famine, irrigation problems, the economics of daily bread—but these did not seem to interest him. He will consider nothing short of the realization of his visionary millenium.

You may say: "Why worry us with Gandhi to-day? Politically, he is dead." Before I came to India the Press had convinced me of the truth of that: here I see things differently. It is true that the Swarajists have turned their backs on non-co-operation, and have entered the Councils, that

many of them find spinning an unconscionable bore. Yet Gandhi, the personality, remains. You can talk to men of all parties and his is the name they put first. His influence alone prevents differences among the Hindus from being more apparent. He, too, is responsible for as much as exists of Hindu-Muslim unity. I am not sure if certain of the Muslim leaders mean to deal fairly with Gandhi. The Ali brothers, for instance, mention his name with reverence, and Mohamed Ali gave me a demonstration of his spinning on a *charkha* which Gandhi had presented. But the Ali brothers follow Gandhi because no one will follow them. At the moment the failure of the Khilafat Campaign has discredited them even with their own community. If they had power, if they had what they are always dreaming about, a united Islamic world, I fancy that they would be the protagonists of violence, instead of advocating, as they now do, Gandhi's doctrine of non-violent civil disobedience.

The present position looks calm, and certain observers believe that the *Swarajists* are determined to gain their ends by constitutional means. That is true of some of them. I met Pundit Motilal Nehru, the President of the *Swarajist* Party in the Assembly, a wise, benevolent-looking lawyer. I believe that he himself would be prepared to advocate constitutional reform, but other and stronger forces surround him. In Bengal there is a revolutionary movement of considerable dimensions, and I doubt if even the Ordinance will check it. The *Swarajists*, it seems to me, are a little afraid of offending the revolutionary side. On the other hand, there is Gandhi, who is waiting his time. He moves about the country, he is met everywhere by enormous crowds of peasantry, he is the best-known figure in India. More people will act at his bidding than at that of any other leader. Nowhere can I find a definite detailed programme from any Indian party: they love generalities, but not precisions. I look down again upon this varied Assembly, this continent of diverse races which wishes to call itself a nation. Its internal differences are perhaps stronger than its grievances, or supposed grievances, against us; and it may be that only its respect for the little brown figure in the bundle of blankets, for Gandhi the Mahatma, holds it together.

CONCERNING PLAGIARISM

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE only interesting thing about Liszt's symphonic poem 'Mazepa,' which was revived at the London Symphony Orchestra concert last Monday, is that it contains the rudiments of that phrase which is the backbone of Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde.' I was half asleep with boredom at the poor themes and poor orchestration—all the poorer it sounded for coming after Elgar's 'Enigma Variations'—when the lower strings aroused me with three yearning notes that positively called for the keen familiar cry of the oboe. Indeed it does receive a similar, but less poignant, answer first from the bass-clarinet and then from the horn. 'Mazepa' was based on the 'Etude d'Execution Transcendante' which bears the same name, and was written many years before. In this pianoforte version the phrase

occurs, though far less noticeably owing to the nature of the instrument, in the section marked *Piu Moderato*. The orchestral version was first performed at Weimar in 1854, but Wagner could not have heard it since he was then in exile. The score was apparently not published till 1858, the year after Wagner wrote the Prelude to 'Tristan.' But it is more than likely that he knew Liszt's score, especially as he wrote his essay on his friend's Symphonic Poems in 1857. But the measure of Wagner's indebtedness, which is not confined to this instance—Liszt's pianoforte Sonata is full of prophecies—is of little moment. The really important thing is that Wagner knew how to make the best of the material which he borrowed, I doubt not quite unconsciously, from his friend, whereas Liszt, the real inventor of it, did not.

This instance raises the interesting question of "plagiarism" in music. Anyone who goes to a great number of concerts must constantly note similarities and coincidences often of the most unexpected kind. I think we may divide these similarities into two classes, distinguishing those that have feathers and bite from those that have whiskers and scratch. But, unlike Snarks, these musical imitations are not separable into such absolutely watertight categories; some may be said to belong to both classes, and some are fearful exceptions, like the Boojum. Into the first of these classes fall those composers who are soaked in the music of the past and reproduce it in their own unconsciously—I repeat that word, because I am not concerned with conscious imitations which are not worth the wear and tear of a pen. This kind of imitation occurs when the composer's personality is not sufficiently strong to assert itself against more potent influences, or when, his brain being tired, inspiration runs dry and memory supplants it and provides him with tags and clichés. This class, then, is composed of lesser men, and young men, and of those whose chief business is rather the interpretation of others than the expression of themselves. I heard a curious instance last Sunday at the Music Circle, when Mr. Weingartner's Octet for strings, wind, and pianoforte was given its first performance. In the slow movement a theme which in itself bore no particularly Wagnerian stamp worked gradually and quite naturally up to an impassioned moment which reproduced the most melting and wonderful chords in 'Tristan.' I do not doubt that were this pointed out to Mr. Weingartner he would be amazed at the resemblance. He had progressed towards a climax, but when the climax came, instead of some new and personal utterance he produced an echo from a work he probably knows by heart. He would be as amazed as was a young composer, whose attention was called to the fact that he had set the parodos of a Greek tragedy note for note to the tune of the robbers' chorus in 'Chu Chin Chow.' He had never, he declared, seen that long-lived monster-piece; but had he never heard in a restaurant, from a street-band, or on a barrel-organ the galumphing progress of the forty thieves?

I may add, by way of digression, that the important thing here is not the reproduction in a serious work of trivial matter, but the fact that the composer could not see the worthlessness of the tune he was writing. So when, at the end of

her Wolf recital, Miss Elena Gerhardt sang 'Der Freund,' which had for accompaniment a mixture of the verse-part of 'Land of Hope and Glory' and 'See me dance the polka'; or when in the last movement of the octet mentioned above, Mr. Weingartner uses a tune very like 'Chin, Chin, Chinaman,' I do not suspect either of these composers of plagiarism, but of a momentary lapse from taste. Still less do I accuse the author of that hop-and-skip dance, to which I first stepped it in tiny dancing-pumps, of searching the works of Hugo Wolf for a suitable tune with which to storm popular favour.

But to my second class of imitation—or rather resemblance. For this seems to me to occur where two composers having the same idea or emotion to express happen upon a similar musical symbol for it. Here it is much less a case of note for note parallelism as a general likeness in the whole mood of the music. Such resemblances are, then, no indication of any failure on the part of the composer's inspiration and originality. For, in the instances I am thinking of, each piece, for all its family-likeness to another, nevertheless bears the stamp of its author's personality. I remember that, when I first heard the St. Matthew Passion, which was after I had come to know 'Die Meistersinger' pretty thoroughly, in the accompanied bass recitative, which is translated into 'At Evening Hour of Calm and Rest,' I seemed to hear again the very accents of the old cobbler sitting outside the house with the high-pitched, red-tiled roof in the narrow Nuremberg street. There is not the slightest melodic resemblance to Wagner, except perhaps in the cadence on the word "manifest"; but the mood and the picture it conjures up in the imagination are precisely the same. The only other instance I have room to mention is, perhaps, even more surprising. Turn to the *Andante Moderato* in the slow movement of Beethoven's ninth Symphony, and, if you can, lay hand upon heart and swear that it is not the very epitome of Tchaikovsky's tunes. Note that downward run of semiquavers which leads to the resumption of the melody, especially when it occurs in the wood-wind. You will find a dozen things like it in the symphonic works of Tchaikovsky. In fact, here Beethoven seems to me to have summed up, with infinitely more force, the whole of the typical Tchaikovskian melancholy. But I am not going to say that Tchaikovsky got his ideas from this passage in Beethoven; a man can hardly find his whole work upon a plagiarism and live in human memory for even half a century. Rather I prefer to think that his mind being cast in that melancholy which came occasionally upon Beethoven, all his music tended to express that particular mood, and he happened to hit upon this, among the many, ways of expressing it. As to Wagner and his tunes from Liszt and Nicolai, and heaven knows whence else—well, he was a Boojum—.

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ART

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

R.W.I., 195 Piccadilly

THE hundred and sixteenth exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is, as usual, too large and miscellaneous a collection for detailed notice; nor indeed would the average quality of the work be worth so extensive a labour. We are, as usual, faced with dreary and meticulous renderings of Queen Elizabeth, Grecian ladies from Alma Tadema attitudinizing with gulls, farm horses returning prettily home at the fall of eve, the whole cast-off wardrobe of the oil painter. Surely the business of the water-colour painter is to paint water-colours, to have not only a respect for the limitations of his medium, but a delight in them. Water-colour is the medium for the expression of mood, of the fleeting accident of nature, rather than of defined form, and it is just those painters who have kept to such subjects who show the successful pictures at the R.W.I. Out of the four hundred and seventy-two exhibits there are some twenty thoroughly good paintings, and they are nearly all of moods.

The silvery, thin air that reduces nature to a flat pattern of delicate tones is admirably conveyed in 'A Canal' by Mr. E. W. Haslehust; something of the same effect gives quality to Mr. Bernard C. Gotch's 'Middle Temple Hall.' The sweep of massive yet not too solid clouds before the wind is a subject that excellently fits the flowing brush of the water-colourist, and it has been admirably treated by Mrs. Frederica V. Godwin, Mr. Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, and Mr. Charles Simpson. 'Showery Weather—Somerset,' by Mr. W. Egginton, as a most effective interpretation of the gleams and sudden cloudings of a chequered day. Such works as these, and their like, can easily be picked out by the quick eye and give great pleasure, but the eye must be quick or it will be offended with much tediousness.

The Mayor Gallery, 18 Cork Street

Modern English art is certainly shaking down. There is a group of painters on whom one may absolutely depend for interesting work, and to see their names in the catalogue of an exhibition is to be certain that there will be something for the judgment to bite upon. Among the younger men, Messrs. Paul Nash, Mark Gertler, and William Roberts are distinguished in this way, and they are all represented at the Mayor Gallery. The pictures are not all seen for the first time, but they are seen again with pleasure. There is something essentially classic and certain about everything that is done by Mr. Gertler, and his progress is not the unsystematic, wild experiment of so many young painters, but a steady working through to the mode of expression which will most exactly suit what he wishes to say. It is interesting to compare his 'Head of a Girl' of some two years ago with the magnificent new 'Portrait of the Artist's Mother' now on exhibition at the Goupil. Mr. Nash is also working steadily through, and in each new picture gains in facility and individual touch. For both these artists there are unlimited prospects. I wonder if that is true of Mr. Roberts.

I have a slight suspicion that he has reached a dead end; but it is a very excellent dead end.

But while the work of these familiar painters interests us, we are perhaps most attracted by Mrs. Winifred Nicholson's 'Cold Thaw,' not because it is better, but because hers is a less familiar name. Some people will recall the promise of her pictures in the exhibition which she shared with Mr. Ben Nicholson not long ago; more, perhaps, will recall her thoroughly interesting pictures at the Lefèvre Gallery recently. Here is yet a further demonstration that she is already, perhaps, our best woman painter, but, as Mr. Mayor announces a forthcoming exhibition entirely of her work, fuller criticism is best reserved.

The Arlington Gallery, 22 Old Bond Street

Mr. Michael Sevier is a very clever painter, but unfortunately, like so many moderns, he seems a little too preoccupied with the "how" of painting. His experiments, like those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, smack of the scientist. But for all the restlessness of his exhibition, it is thoroughly good and interesting, without ever quite convincing us of genius. I wish it had not fallen in a crowded week, that it might have been given juster space.

XXI Gallery, Adelphi

Here, again, a line or so is an unfair measure for the drawings and etchings of Mr. Alexander Walker. He is an etcher of great sensitiveness, patently in love with his delicate craft, but experimenting not quite successfully in a broader treatment, linear etchings that are a little shaky and water-colours that are a little too like oils.

THE THEATRE
BETWEEN TWO STYLES

BY IVOR BROWN

Iris. By Sir Arthur Pinero. The Adelphi Theatre.

'IRIS' is not yet twenty-five years old, but it is removed from the stage-conventions of to-day by a gulf of formidable size. Its construction is not as ours, nor is its language. It is written in a kind of English that strikes one now as being stodgy without being strong. The people of the play talk about "vacating" a place instead of leaving it. At a moment of high emotion young Trenwith exclaims to Iris: "Ah! Nothing has occurred to cause you to withdraw your love from me? I only want you to assure me of that!" There is no timid cough of the hesitant genius about our dramatist when he has an epigram to bring out, no shame-faced effort to slip it naturally into the text. When Fanny Sylvain mentions financiers Aurea plays up like a member of a nigger minstrel troupe.

Q. What is a financier, exactly?

A. A financier? Oh, a pawn-broker with imagination.

Furthermore, the elderly bore (he is called Croker Harrington this time) has fortunately dwindled in more recent work. If we are to judge by the contents of the evening and Sunday papers, the man about town has become less of a slug and more of a sinner. In any case he is less prosy. Croker is a dreadful relic of more loquacious, if less licentious, times.

The producer who wishes to refurbish 'Iris' for the stage can take one of two arguable positions. He can maintain that 'Iris' is a realistic play of 1901: that polite drawing-room conversation did then display the formal and formidable cut with which the dramatist presented it. Accordingly he can stage the piece as an essay in "period" and give to the flounced, frock-coated language the flounced and frock-coated speakers. Or he can decide that 'Iris' never was a realistic play; that it is, as its author described it, "drama"; that its emotions are larger, its dialogue stiffer, and its motion more grandiose than anything in the natural course of actuality. With this assumption he can maintain that the dresses are not of primary importance. He is producing a play of imagination, and he is not to be bothered by the shifty tyrannies of fashion. But, if he makes this claim, if he decides that 'Iris' is a drama all very large and fine and therefore to be released from the claims of petitfogging naturalism, he must see that the acting is granted an equal release and does become large and fine in its turn according to a spirited theatrical convention.

The present revival at the Adelphi Theatre falls fatally between two styles. There is neither the attempt to put the play in its period and turn it into antiquated realism nor the attempt to project it as a large, imaginative canvas which stands clear of the tyrannies of time. 'Iris' might easily be staged as a statuesque drama of no particular date whose essence is a formal, forth-right quality. This would demand formal, forth-right acting, but what we in fact get is something quite different. The clothes are 1925; the acting is 1925; and the play is obstinately 1901. By the acting of 1925 I mean the subdued tones and resolute avoidance of raptures and of rhetoric which are in full harmony with the quiet realism of much modern writing, but make a curiously unsatisfactory vehicle for the powerful pomposity of the piece in question.

Consequently during the early scenes the play merely mumbled its way along and on the first night the fidgets of the audience were in proportion to the flatness of the acting. Later on, as the tragedy of the useless woman worked up to its furious catastrophe, the presentation rose with the impetus of the theme. The moral of it all was not that our elders were foolish to reward 'Iris' with reputation, but that our contemporary stage is not at all strong in the theory and practice of production. There are several men of the theatre who can stage an up-to-date piece with up-to-date ease, fluency, and actuality. One need go no further, for example, than to see 'Spring Cleaning' in order to realize how deftly this kind of thing is being done. But when it comes to hitting off an artificial style, success is by no means common. Mr. Nigel Playfair has formulated an idiom at Hammersmith and, if he is to be criticized, it is for loving style not wisely but too well. But one remembers a recent production of a comedy of Dryden's in which no sort of formula was established. The conceits came jiggling anyhow to the ears and, as in the case of 'Iris,' the play seemed to mumble itself along. Pinero is not Dryden; nor, most assuredly, is he the slick, slight, naturalistic dramatist of 1925.

It was the minor characters who offended most by their sluggish methods. Inaudibility is

always unpardonable, and in the case of a dramatist who writes, as it were, from full, vociferous lungs, the fault is the more flagrant. Mr. Henry Ainley has a style of his own, and he was always vivid as Maldonado, the millionaire with a brutish streak. More hints of a savage temper might have been shown earlier in the evening; the ogre finally leaped out from a mask that had long been predominantly suave. But he showed a fine exuberance in the scene of triumph where he packed off the other lover of Iris, and there was never any mumbling when he was about. Miss Gladys Cooper played Iris with an unforced intensity and a pathetic loveliness that disarmed criticism. The boredom, the disillusion, and the distress of the woman who was not made for love but could find no other vocation were faithfully presented. Yet Miss Cooper could not make the play exciting, worked she never so diligently.

Why was that? There we come back again to the question of style. Miss Cooper, with her modern gowns and her modern beauty, "realized" Iris as a woman of 1925. But so presented Iris is absurd. When the financial crash came she could have followed her "companion" (that young lady is a date in herself) into business. Iris within a year or two might have been designing dresses for Pinero revivals or running a club or breeding prize Alsatians. She would not have been toy to Maldonado unless she were fit only to be a toy; and if she had nothing in her nature beyond the level of a toy, then there is not much tragedy. But 'Iris' is a tragedy, a pre-suffrage tragedy. Hence the ineptitude of post-suffrage surroundings.

Saturday Stories: XXXI.

HALF A CROWN

BY XENIA NOELLE LOWINSKY

IT happened on a Tuesday, the day of stock-taking, when hours of work were leaden and indefinitely long. He was a foreigner, a junior clerk to whom the ways of the firm were still strange, so that while other clerks picked up their hats and left one by one, he plodded on, until he was in the office alone. He had no illusions about praise or benefit, but he feared to be cursed, and after all it was better to stay than to lie in bed sleepless, haunted by work left undone. But his eyes, resting on the row of neat figures, saw beyond them, drifted right away over seas to his native town, saw the Sunday crowd, the Sunday coats and hats, his friends, himself among them. . . . He was homesick. Then one of the figures that he was watching suddenly loomed large, the familiar language and the still more familiar accent were ringing in his ears.

He awoke from his dreaming with a start. A stranger was in the office standing beside him—a young man, a sailor, and a fellow countryman. As they talked, the clerk emerged from his misery: he ceased to remember the downtrodden thing that he was; his country overshadowed him and his thoughts floated homewards. He had never met this young man before, and he was afraid that he might say too much, being moved by the thought of so many sentiments; there could be no doubt that he and the sailor had suffered a great deal in common, only the sailor was younger than he, and seemed less able to defend himself.

It was past eleven when the sailor told his tale. He was in trouble although so cheerful; everything that he owned in the world was at the pawnshop. For his



Dramatis Personæ. No. 144.

By 'Quiz.'

THE GOLD STANDARD

MR. REGINALD MCKENNA: "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?"

pay—three whole months' pay—although due, would only be dealt out to him when he reported. He was, he explained with a brave laugh, stranded, penniless. A word from the clerk and the sailor sat down. Both were silent. The clerk had to think, for he was earning but fifty pounds a year, paid cash, and had little in hand. The sailor wanted a loan of ten shillings, and the money had to be raised that evening. The clerk remembered that they were countrymen; how welcome to ten shillings. Ten shillings. . . . Ten! How could it be done? He had five shillings of his own, he owed nothing, and he thought that with a struggle he could manage on two and sixpence until the following Saturday. Ten shillings! What could he do? Then he had an idea. He would influence other clerks, foreigners too in England, to help this fellow, this countryman. He would start a collection.

He headed the list himself with half a crown, and closing his books he walked out with the sailor in search of the other clerks. He was happy, happier than he had ever been in England. The begging was harder than he thought. He reminded the men of their childhood, their country, and tradition; he told them that the money was no gift but a loan, and he showed them that the sailor's poverty was greater than their own. Three men gave something—unwillingly—and returned to their beds. At one o'clock he had seven and sixpence; then a lean boy who had just emigrated, a poor, weak, homesick lad, gave two shillings, and he himself added the last sixpence, as he had felt all along would be the proper course for him to pursue. The sailor was grateful, and his gratitude was sufficient to send the clerk home changed by happiness.

The sailor went to sea, and for the first week his benefactors awaited a letter; after the second week they still expected to hear; at the end of the month they grunted and cursed. A year passed and the incident was all but forgotten. He who had raised the funds was sorely disappointed, shrinking from any talk of the sailor, although he thought of him a great deal when he was alone.

Then the sailor came back. He was changed, a little older, and his chin covered by a soft brown beard. He wore the air of a successful man, and it was not until he spoke that the subscribers recognized him. The clerk was delighted, delighted that they had not been duped, and that the sailor had returned to pay his debt. He felt ashamed that he had ever thought otherwise. He listened while the sailor explained how he had lost the address of the firm, how he had racked his brain to recall the name of the street until he had nearly maddened himself. But he had not forgotten the way. And the first leave on shore he had come.

The other clerks sat around listening to their *protégé*, proud of him. "Now I must repay you—one by one . . ." the sailor ended. "To-morrow. . . . To-morrow will do," the clerk replied. "To-morrow," echoed the others.

"Very well. As you will." The sailor smiled with charming indifference.

It was one o'clock at night when the clerk and the sailor found themselves alone.

"I have you to thank. . . ." The sailor put his hand to his pocket. I have brought you a few cigars. You smoke? Of course, they are nothing in return for what you did for me. Still—"

"No." The clerk turned away. He declined the cigars without seeing them. He wanted no reward—no mark of gratitude other than the presence of the sailor.

"Won't you? . . . Why not? Take them. I brought them for you!" There was disappointment in the sailor's voice; his other hand went searching to another pocket. "I brought some cigarettes as well," he began. "No. No." The clerk was

adamant. The sailor reproached him. The cigarettes were only a small token of thanks. . . . Afterwards he talked of his ship and the sea and the clerk of the store until both yawned with fatigue.

Presently the clerk walked home with the sailor to the sailor's lodging, and there they said good-night and parted. Just as the clerk turned, the sailor recalled him. "I say . . . one moment . . ." he stuttered. "Can you lend me half a crown?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday

LOITERERS AND MALCONTENTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is a matter for thanksgiving to have it confidently asserted in your columns that the impression of the onlooker concerning society is unjustifiably pessimistic and that our betters still keep more than the "eleventh commandment," and are not condoned in making scapegoats of their women, and laughingstocks of their infirm.

It is nevertheless pardonable that he should differentiate with increasing difficulty "the right set from the wrong" and "the best of us from the worst," or fancy he perceives a base motive running through convention. The plebeian mind gloats over the tribulations of the social pariah and the desecration of his sanctuary, hence the supply to meet the demand, and this perpetual piping on the rifted lute of the idle rich:

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Keats designates modern love as "a doll dressed up for idleness to cosset." But he goes on to say:

If Queens and soldiers have played deep for hearts,
It is no reason why such agonies
Should be more common than the growth of weeds.

I am, etc.,

TERESA FAITH BISHOP

Hillcote, Newcastle, Staffs

THE BOOK OF THE BERESFORD HOPES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—"A. A. B.," in his review of 'The Book of the Beresford Hopes,' misled no doubt by the authors, has fallen into a really ludicrous error. He conceives Beresford Hope as a man "extraordinarily callous of the feelings of others," and gives as an instance of "this inhumanity" his treatment of "one of his most intimate friends."

As a son of that friend, may I be allowed to say, on behalf of my brothers and sisters and myself, that a more entirely false description of Beresford Hope's attitude towards our father could hardly be imagined. When we look back upon the innumerable kindnesses and gifts showered upon our parents and their family by Beresford Hope and Lady Mildred over a period of more than thirty years, and the generous hospitality so frequently extended to all of us, both at Bedgebury and in London, we feel that we cannot let such an unfair statement appear in the great newspaper founded by our father's friend without meeting it with a prompt and unqualified contradiction. Biography is indeed a difficult art. It is so easy to be smart: so hard to be truthful.

I am, etc.,

PHILIP G. L. WEBB

12 Lancaster Gate Terrace, W.2

ENTERPRISING FRENCH DRESSMAKERS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—How easy it is for us to get our very best Paris dresses these days—no trouble of crossing the Channel or going to London shops. Last week I had an invitation to one of the many dress shows now held by French houses in London. We were given a lovely tea at a smart *café*, with an excellent band thrown in, all for nothing—and all the time the most exquisite models were shown and worn by beautiful *mannequins*. We had programmes with the names of each dress and number, and the *vendeuse* came round to ask us if we had made our choice. That same evening Madame arrived in my own bedroom with just those models I liked and had marked on my programme. So I could try them on and see them in my own surroundings—such an advantage.

Then next morning, Madame arrived with the dressmaker to fit me. So much nicer than having to make an appointment to be fitted and wait and wait till they were ready as one does in London shops. My dresses, or the linings, went to Paris that day to be made there, and Madame returns with the dressmaker in ten days with the dresses all finished, and the dressmaker can alter any little thing if necessary on the spot. Who would not be tempted to buy in this easy luxurious way? It is so easy and no trouble, and the dress can be cheaper, for the London shops have to pay huge rates and taxes here and fantastic rents for places where we have to go and be fitted—and bored in.

I wonder if some day London dressmakers will come to our homes and fit our dresses on in our bedrooms, and bring us lovely models so that we can sit about in them and be quite sure they are just for us. I wonder!

I am, etc.,
RUBY ROBESON

EROS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is good news to hear that certain Royal Academician are moving on behalf of the Piccadilly fountain. If they act with energy, and the authority they command, Alfred Gilbert's fine work may yet be spared the oblivion that threatens it.

Its disappearance from a city not over-rich in sculpture would be a tragedy to all lovers of art.

Eros was designed by an idealist who has never faltered in his devotion to his art, who, in fact, has sacrificed his whole life and fortune to bring some beauty to the minds of men. For the past twenty years his reward has been obscurity, sorrow and exile, yet his work adorns Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Albert Chapel, Windsor, and is to be seen in any worthy collection of contemporary sculpture. Nor does it lose by comparison with the best sculpture of any period.

The suggestion that the figure of Eros should be separated from the fountain and placed on some other pedestal is a trivial and ungracious expedient, and would mean a deliberate mutilation of a work of art, tantamount to cutting the Cupid out of the Velasquez Venus or defacing any other picture or monument consecrated by the love and admiration of discerning people.

The Piccadilly fountain must be re-erected in entirety and, if possible, in a place where the water can play, thereby completing the exquisite rhythm of the whole work, as originally conceived by the sculptor.

A dozen sites in London could be found where the Shaftesbury memorial might continue to delight the eyes of a public who have unquestionably taken the work to their hearts, even though the name of its creator may be unknown to many of them.

Let us hope that these Royal Academician who are militant in the great cause of art will succeed in preserving this work for us and for posterity.

I am, etc.,
ALBERT BUHRER

6, Fitzroy Street, W.1

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES : AN OLD REMEDY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Public attention has lately been focussed on the subject of unhappy marriages by actions in the Courts. Unhappy marriages always seem foolish—to other people. "So-and-so," they say, "is such a charming person, how can her husband neglect her so?" or "So-and-so is such a nice man, why on earth is she always quarrelling with him?" In 99 cases out of a 100 the real answer is, ultimately, the same. Briefly, it is that where there are no children or where the children spend most of their time at school, modern life offers such a multitude of diverse attractions and influences that a husband and wife are almost bound to be drawn in opposite directions by some of them.

The problem is as old as civilization itself and gave the Ancients just as much trouble whenever their civilizations reached a stage corresponding to our present one. The characteristic Greek remedy, from the man's point of view, lay in staying at home less and in the development of friendship between man and man. (We can hardly count the *hetairai* as a *remedy*!) As clubland is nothing more than a series of temples to the god of friendship, we have little to learn from the Greeks in this matter, but the Romans had a surer remedy.

No one can study Roman law without being struck by two things: (1) the extraordinary suspicion with which it regarded most philanthropy or indeed any gifts between living persons, for which no reciprocal consideration was forthcoming; and (2) the notable exception to this attitude in the case of adoption, a practice which is greatly favoured. Adoption was common in Rome for different reasons at different periods. The performance of the *sacra* and the legal continuation of the family were powerful motives in early times, but with the inroads on the agnatic constitution of the family and with the spread of Christianity, sentiment seems to have played an increasing part, and Imperial legislation permitted even women to adopt as consolation for the loss of their children, a reason which shows that, for all our boasted progress, the Ancients can still give us a wrinkle or two on the conduct of life.

Bluntly, adoption is the only means whereby a childless couple may attain happiness. It needs courage, to be sure, and it involves sacrifice, but what is there that is worth having in life that does not?

I am, etc.,
H. K. SEAGER
Norwich

"UP TO"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I notice that bishops and learned judges now say "it is up to you" to do so-and-so; can this expression be justified, and what is its origin? I do not remember hearing it before the war.

I am, etc.,
A. G. SOWERSBY

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

THE INDEPENDENT GALLERY (7 Grafton Street). Recent Water-colours by Wyndham Tryon. Until April 9.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS (5a Pall Mall East). Summer Exhibition. On Saturday, March 28, and subsequently.

THEATRES

REGENT THEATRE. Pioneer Players in 'The Verge.' On Sunday, March 29.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. 'Tarnish.' On Monday, March 30, and subsequently.

AMBASSADORS THEATRE. Oxford Players in 'A Comedy of Good and Evil.' On Monday, March 30.

O THEATRE. 'Adam and Eva.' On Monday, March 30.

STRAND THEATRE. 'The Sea Urchin.' On Tuesday, March 31.

FORTUNE THEATRE. 'Yetta Polowski.' On Thursday, April 2.

NEW FICTION

By GERALD GOULD

Mastro-Don Gesualdo. By Giovanni Verga.
Translated by D. H. Lawrence. Cape.
7s. 6d. net.

The Land of the Fathers. By S. G. Orenburgsky.
Translated by Nina N. Selivanova. Cape.
7s. 6d. net.

Beggars of Life. By Jim Tully. Chatto and
Windus. 6s. net.

The Little Karoo. By Pauline Smith. With an
Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Cape.
4s. 6d. net.

"I thought once how Theocritus had sung. . . ." If he had re-visited his Sicily in the nineteenth century he would certainly have exclaimed: "Dear me, this is not the place it used to be." But then, of course, it never was. No doubt the shepherds had their economic problems, and could not really waste their time and substance in amorous ditties all a summer's day. More recently, the lay mind has come to associate Sicily with the wilder vagaries of romance—especially romance as set to music: passion, jealousy the stiletto, and the vendetta. Compared to these dream-worlds, ancient and modern, the Sicily of Giovanni Verga is somewhat startlingly practical in its enthusiasms. The summer is still there, and the passion—everything is at fever heat: there is a babel of tongues and an inferno of waving arms: but the core of the plot is an economic, a social, struggle: Gesualdo's problem is one of ambition: he is a peasant, but a peasant who makes money, who buys up and buys out his neighbours, who marries into the aristocracy, who establishes himself by sheer weight of personality, and finds his gains but dust and ashes in the end. On the last page comes the ironical comment—"See what it is to be born lucky—You die in fine linen like a prince!" The story, however, is not a sermon on the vanity of human wishes, a lesson in the old knowledge that you cannot take your fine linen with you when you die: it is an epic of struggle, in which various human motives, all violent and drawn with violence, subserve the ambitions, greeds, and generosities of the strong central figure. The book is long; and, though not actually incoherent, it gives the impression of incoherence, just because of its violence and the broken, hurried method it employs for the manipulation of its crowded stage. There are, I should guess, more dashes and notes of exclamation in it than in any other book I have ever read. And presumably this characteristic is adopted from the original: though Mr. D. H. Lawrence's skill and energy are so great that he prevents one from realizing that one is engaged with a translation. I confess to being disconcerted, more than anything else, by the total result; I get a vague general effect of force; but the technique and the local colour are so flamboyant and bewildering that I cannot settle down to read with enjoyment.

The theme of Orenburgsky's novel is not dissimilar. Here, too, we find the "rise" of the grasping peasant:

Shapovalov began his career in the single night's lodging-house at Jhitiza. . . .

Strijhikozin, the barefooted boy of yesterday, who, urged on by his strong will, had come to town and had started out for himself by selling matches, now shared the county with Shapovalov and divided with him the rich spoil. Their properties dotted the map of the country like leprosy spots.

We are asked, in short, to contemplate the corruption and ruin which come, over a period of a quarter of a century, on an originally happy and prosperous peasant community; and, following that, the growth of anger and revolt. The hero is not one of the money-getters, but Father Ivan, who achieves in the end a new vision:

He seemed to be standing on the ridge of a mountain looking down on the limitless plains bathed in the sun. There below, people were suffering, not knowing from what. . . . But he had ascended the mountain and his enlightened eyes could see the injustice of it all; he felt that he must hearten them with something strong and dominating, something which would echo like the sound of a bell in their hearts. What was it? He did not know yet. . . . he did not know what it was. . . . but he would learn!

On that vague note of promise the story closes. The author is recommended to us as representative of "the new Russia." But the book deals with the old régime.

Continuing to survey mankind from Russia to the Karoo, we may be allowed to go round by America and give a word of appreciation to Mr. Jim Tully. His theme is the "hobo"; his story is genuinely *picaresque*, and apparently first-hand; he tells the ugly incidents of ramblings and sufferings with that philosophic and ironical detachment which is, one supposes, the essential equipment of anybody who is going to lead the vagabond life; but he has, in expressing his detachment, in making it subservient to the effects he wants to get, a literary skill which must be at least as rare among hoboes as it is among novelists. He has, superficially, none of the romantic illusions about life on the road, no sentimental respect for the conventions of vagabondage, none of the Stevensonian:

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me . . .

On the contrary, he appears to take aesthetic delight in underlining horrors and brutalities by a cunning pretence of taking them lightly for granted: and yet, in essence, his attitude is the conventional one. He did embrace vagabondage because it was the life he loved—he did let the lave go by him. Which goes, perhaps, to prove that there is no literary tradition without its origin in truth. Or, perhaps, to prove that there is no truth which cannot be spun out to dubiety in the course of a literary tradition. Anyway, this is a very strong, clever and interesting book.

But, with Miss Pauline Smith's 'The Little Karoo,' we are lifted at once from the realm of the clever into that of the complete, from local and temporal interests into eternal. Of course, her stories have local interest: their very title emphasizes it: but they have that universal quality which makes each place, each person, representative of the whole, yet still individual and unique. 'The Pain,' the first story in the collection, tells how Juriaan van Royen and his wife Deltje had lived in a remote place where they were happy together for nearly fifty years, poor, childless, depending upon each other for the whole of human comfort and resource, and never disappointed: how, in Deltje's old age, a mysterious pain came upon her, and her husband took her away in his ox-cart, a long journey, to the wonderful new hospital of which he had heard: how the hospital separated these two who had never been separated, and made them so unhappy that at last there was nothing for the old man to do but to take her back, pain and all, in the ox-cart. . . . It is clear that, of such a plot, everything can be made, or nothing, according to the vein in which it is conceived. Miss Smith writes with a pure simplicity which emphasizes nothing and brings everything home: it would be impossible, I think, once having read this story, ever to forget it, or to remember it without gratitude for its beauty. The book is a short one: it contains but eight tales in all (and of these the one I have outlined is the longest); but it belongs to that little company of books about which one can say: "Here, in however small a compass, are birth, love, death—the whole world."

It should be added that Mr. Bennett's brief introduction is a model of discretion. He tells us the barest facts of Miss Smith's biography. He tells us that the Little Karoo "is a region of the veld in Cape Colony." And he tells us to decide for ourselves on the merits of Miss Smith's writing.

REVIEWS

SOME FAMOUS VICTORIANS

Charles Dickens and other Victorians. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

THESE are not sternly critical essays always keeping to the point, but lectures delivered to Cambridge undergraduates. A lecturer impresses by force of his personality and way of suggesting things as much as by his claim to deliver a neat handbook of his subject. The Cambridge professor is a particularly agreeable and vivacious commentator, one that has a whiff of the open air as well as a gown and neat quotations about him, and we do not complain if he strays occasionally off the main route. He shows how the life of his authors determined their writing, and if this leaves small room for some critical considerations, it is better than dealing with them as mere "books in breeches." Of Dickens, his main subject, there is nothing new to say at this date, but good judges are quoted and sound points are made. Dickens, like Thackeray, wrote in instalments with the printer's devil at his elbow.

This method of writing masterpieces may well daunt their successors, even in this journalistic age of internal combustion with the voice of Mr. H. G. Wells insistent that the faster anyone travels the nearer he is *ex hypothesis* to that New Jerusalem in which there shall be no night (and therefore, I presume, not a comfortable bed to be hired), but the eternal noise of elevators and daylight-saving made perfect.

Sir Arthur discovers as Dickens's chief merits his wonderful powers of creating characters, and his "Charity," his care for the poor and the oppressed, that splendid and indignant compassion which shines in 'Les Misérables.' He reveals frankly faults and limitations. Dickens was a genius, but bourgeois and Philistine. He became a national institution, and after hypnotizing his public was hypnotized by it. We welcome the assurance that he wrote a good eighteenth-century style, and the censure of his habit of taking off his own people and friends in print, a detestable practice still in vogue. Who could make a mother into a scatter-brained noodle? Yet Dickens's mother was so grossly unfeeling that she wanted him to return to the blacking factory, and may be partly responsible for his gross views of women. At Dingley Dell is not all bright and happy on a sunshine holiday? No: the aunt and the nieces must be nagging and backbiting for the favours of Mr. Tupman! Dickens was always pictorial, and the public loves pictures, but his world is "strangely empty of questioning ideas," empty, indeed, of "religion, thought, science." His depressing views of the clergy are noted, but an exception is the Rev. Frank Milvey in 'Our Mutual Friend.' Dickens's indifference to the higher thought is true enough, but the "agnostic" mentioned did not appear in print until 1870. The account by Chapman of the genesis of Mr. Pickwick is by no means "uncontradicted." It is shrewdly suspected, and with some reason.

At a London Public Library we heard that Thackeray was seldom asked for. That is, perhaps, to be expected, since his view of life—largely from a club window with characters whose manners and education have changed—no longer appeals to the many. His beautiful English, of which Sir Arthur speaks with excellent enthusiasm, is not valued as it should be, for a sense of rhythm is rapidly departing from English prose, if not from the English people. It is particularly pleasant to see a tribute to Mrs. Gaskell, whose work has been submerged, while critics and journalists rave about the Brontës. She wrote, as Disraeli did, on the miseries of labour and capital. A lecture here explains the depths of slavery which industrial England tolerated under Victoria. That is well, for young men read little history nowadays, and, when their prophets are pessimists, may think the world hopeless.

The Professor, like Thackeray, quotes Horace, and he has found a line for Dean Inge:

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.

The paper on Trollope is a review, one of many that have pleaded for an extended reprinting of his works. The 'Autobiography' has reappeared and is full of interest. The passage quoted about the style of Dickens might have been noted as quite unfair. A good deal of Trollope's England is gone, but we still have the English weather. He knew that. Let us quote from 'Doctor Thorne':

The comic almanacs give us dreadful pictures of January and February; but, in truth, the months which should be made to look gloomy in England are March and April. Let no man boast himself that he has got through the perils of winter till at least the seventh of May.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN WASHINGTON'S AMERICA

The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell, 1774-7. Cape. 15s. net.

WE have had of late some remarkable first printings of old memoirs and diaries, which are often more interesting than the thrice-told stories dished up into a volume by eminent or prominent persons of to-day. Apart from their antiquarian value, these old memoirs reveal the merit of the century to which they belong, in giving us good sense instead of up-to-date twaddle. Nicholas Cresswell was born in 1750, the eldest son of a sheep farmer in Derbyshire, and went across to Virginia to escape a morose home, and see about making his fortune. He returned to England with debts, having never had enough capital, we think, to make money. He was also severely ill from time to time. His assiduous diary has dull details of food-stuffs and prices, and other brevities of no importance. But to his commercial activities he added a shrewd and kindly disposition, and considerable frankness about himself. He knew when he "bespoke some new clothes," that he must keep up a genteel appearance, even if he could not afford it. He was shocked at the treatment of slaves:

The idea is horrid and the Practice unjust. They were all naked, except a small piece of blue cloth about a foot broad to cover their nakedness, and appeared much dejected.

He arrived in America when independence was beginning to come to a head, and found his position very uncomfortable. He was regarded as a spy, and ran the risk of being tarred and feathered. But he had courage and resolution, and could bang on the head the doctor who gave him the wrong pills, and lure sailors he wished to lock up to drink. He himself was often "most feloniously drunk," having nothing to do except forget his troubles. He would rather go to jail than act as a guard to English prisoners. He hated being hypocritical about Yankees, but he wrote a very fair sketch of Washington's merits. On a river expedition he shot buffaloes, but they trod one of his boats in and spoilt a lot of his provisions. His life among the Indians is full of vivid touches, and he found it necessary, and not unagreeable, to take a squaw. A comely young man, he did not like the female prude. "Rather than . . . marry one who overacts religion . . . I would go to Lapland and be dry nurse to a bear." On the whole, he was well treated, and discovered that wonderful hospitality which many have enjoyed since. Among the noteworthy details he mentions are elephants' teeth and bones, or what he takes to be such:

There neither is, or ever was, any Elephants in North or South America, that I can learn, or any quadruped one-tenth part as large as these was, if one may be allowed to judge from the appearance of these bones, which must have been considerably larger than they are now.

This should excite the learned, who claim to have discovered recently the picture of an elephant in the western world.

Altogether, the grandson of Cresswell's daughter may be congratulated on printing so interesting a record. But it is a pity that he did not annotate it here and there, and add an index as well as the Appendix of Dates.

A GREAT NATURALIST

Letters from W. H. Hudson to Edward Garnett.

Dent. 6s. net.

THE writing of letters is notoriously a lost art with us, and if anyone has ever attained such proficiency at it that all his correspondence with a friend was worth collecting in print it has certainly not happened within the last two generations. For that reason Mr. Garnett would have been wiser to have pruned this series more drastically; there are several complete letters, brief and more or less formal, and plenty of passages in others arranging such matters as personal meetings, which are hardly of sufficient interest to be worth keeping. If their place could have been taken by a few specimens addressed to other people the somewhat uneven interest of the book would have been remedied; failing that it would have been better to discard them.

Mr. Garnett avoids thrusting himself forward at the expense of his subject. A dozen pages of Introduction, a few more on the opinions, certainly extraordinary, or two or three reviewers, and for the remaining two-hundred-odd we are left alone with Hudson, except for a stark minimum of footnotes. (It needs explaining that these same letters were issued in a limited edition in 1923.)

The letters are mostly short—too short as a rule, for the tendency of their kind to make very scrappy reading is thereby exaggerated. "I am alas! a hater of letter-writing," remarks Hudson, and quite evidently he is, but occasionally when the spirit moves him he achieves an exception:

It is an indolent interval at St. Ives. The herring season is over, the mackerel not yet begun, and the gulls away to make their own living. Yesterday at a Primitive Methodist Chapel I heard a red-hot woman preach. She is a missioner, from near the Lizard—very successful in bringing souls to—somebody. . . . "Many converted this time?" was asked at the chapel a day or two ago, and the answer was—"No, not one this time—you see we've been too busy with the elections." Well, they are over now, thanks be! Here it was simply a mad holiday—a wild carnival—a day when the sober and religious as well as everybody else could with a clear conscience break out, and shout and dance and wave torches and blow on brass horns and make clowns of themselves generally. It was not political feeling at all—they all did it, and the losers were as gay and happy as the winners.

Hudson wrote from villages all over England, wandering to the remotest parts and putting up in the cottages; his incessant changes of address sufficiently explain the gaps in a correspondence which was, as Mr. Garnett says, spontaneous and irregular on both sides. It seems to have produced little of much intrinsic value: the letters are genuine and typical of Hudson, whose many admirers will (like the reviewer) thoroughly enjoy them, but whether they will seem as interesting to those who know nothing of the man and read them simply for their own sakes is to be doubted.

PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE

Fighting the World: The Struggle for Peace. By Count Michael Károlyi. Translated by E. W. Dickes. Kegan Paul. 21s. net.

IN the last days of the Dual Empire, and before the Armistice, revolution broke out. For five months in Hungary, Count Károlyi rode the whirlwind and directed the storm. Then Bela Kun and Communism had their turn, to be superseded by a government of reaction. In exile, he reviews the past. Criticizing himself and all others, he has waited for calm and objectivity. Now he is indignantly calm, bitter with a clear conscience. These Magyar magnates, branding him as the New Catiline, were never capable of logical

consistency. Of all his class, himself alone was obstinate in the fight for absolute justice, and sided with the minorities and the oppressed. Kossuth's attempt in 1848 to free Hungary, his Slav policy and the Danubian Confederation projected by him in exile, were by now forgotten. The great rebel families had become mere Tsutophils. None cared for democracy and pacifism. Who but himself, before and during the war, endeavoured the release of Hungary from the German bondage, sought to save what might be saved of it, was ever for coming to a peaceful understanding with the Allied Powers? He founded a party, indeed; was counted head of a possible alternative government. But Czernin was shifty, and King Charles all weakness. His own men were not what they should have been. Even Jászi, advocating Kossuth and an "Eastern Switzerland," could dally with the "deepening" of the German alliance and the German policy of a "Middle Europe." "The strong man is strongest alone," forceful in out-spoken truth and an easy conscience. But this, Count Károlyi confesses, was only to be known by himself later, and too late. In their time, he welcomed Wilson's Fourteen Points. But no one else would heed. And, later, he came to see that pacifism involves Socialism; that the Points logically pre-supposed an end to capitalism; that Wilson, unconscious of this, failed to conform his practice at Paris to his principles. In any case, out upon the *bourgeois* and the *landowning* great! All along he has had his indefeasible doubts as to the sincerity of all ruling classes; and now he has completely broken with them. Mindful at last of that Marxism which he studied in youth, he has now chosen community with the workers of Hungary. Two hours of satisfaction has he known: when he walked, the new Premier, in the palace garden on the eve of the revolution, and when he transferred the Károlyi estates to the people. One awaits a second vivid volume about his government.

ROLLING STONES

Two Vagabonds in the Balkans. By Jan and Cora Gordon. Illustrated. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

IF rolling stones gather no moss, fixed ones lose all the fun of rolling without even the certainty of getting their moss if they want it. Mr. Gordon and his wife are rapidly becoming old friends of the English public. They are possessed by an incurable longing to see new things and to paint them, to live the lives of new old peoples, hear their music and assimilate it, and return to the civilization which had been erstwhile such a burden, bringing their sheaves with them in the shape of paintings, which may puzzle, but will certainly convince, airs and harmonies which strike new notes in one's experience, and a store of memories, which result, as often as not, in a travel-book like this or 'Poor Folks in Spain,' or the stories which have been charming the readers of *Blackwood*. From their first plunge into the East, which begins at Sarajevo, till their final escape from Korcula, on the Dalmatian Coast, our wanderers had passed from place to place, tasting Serbian farms, Moslem farms, and Catholic lodging-houses, living on mutton, but neither mutton lean nor mutton tender, but only mutton tough, with a change to eggs when they could be bought; talking to all and sundry in Serbian, German, and, surprisingly enough, in Spanish (this last to the Jews), and suffering all the terrors of the night. Though politics are not an interest of our authors, politicians may learn something from them of the actual state of affairs in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro as they affect the lives of the peasants there, and everyone will be interested in the mixture of homely philosophy and keen observation which is revealed alike in the lively sketches of Mrs. Gordon and the able writing of her husband.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Great Betrayal. By Edward Hall Bierstadt. Hutchinson. 15s. net.

MR. BIERSTADT'S book is an attack on the policy of the United States Government, which he accuses of having betrayed the cause of the native Christians of Asia Minor for the sake of the safe retention of the oil fields secured to American interests by the Chester concessions. The author certainly tells a grim and harrowing story of the sack of Smyrna. As long ago as Kinglake's days the Ottoman hatred for the Christian city was well known, and after reading Mr. Bierstadt's book it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Turks, in the career of riot and pillage which ended in the destruction of the town, were deliberately seizing the opportunity for gratification of a long-stored animosity. In such a tangled tale, so assailable by the recriminations of both sides, truth is hard to determine. But Mr. Bierstadt gives, as a rule, complete chapter and verse for his statements, and enounces few conclusions that he does not justify.

Fugitive Notes on Some Cantatas and the Motets of J. S. Bach. By W. G. Whittaker. Milford, Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

OUT of a wide experience in directing the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Bach Choir, Mr. W. G. Whittaker has brought together in this book analyses and practical suggestions for the performance of the best-known of the composer's Church Cantatas and Motets. There is also an excellent and concise introduction which traces the growth of the form up to Bach's time and the main influences which re-acted upon him. Mr. Whittaker naturally regards the works from the performer's point of view, and these chapters are full of matter which will be invaluable to the directors of choral societies. To them the proposals for adapting Bach's scores to the limitations imposed by circumstances will be of great utility. For Mr. Whittaker takes the view that it is better to perform Bach somehow than not at all. Provided that this dictum is not allowed to excuse any failure to adhere to the originals wherever it is possible, one can heartily agree, especially if the matter is viewed from the standpoint of the singers rather than of their audience. Another important point made is that the *recitative secco* should always be taken at the pace which an actor would adopt in speaking the words, instead of being drawled out in the old oratorio style. Even nowadays such advice is not unneeded. But the book has a wider appeal than to those for whom it is primarily intended, for Mr. Whittaker's intimate knowledge of and insight into Bach's choral works should find a response in other lovers of the composer.

Some Reminiscences. By Lionel Phillips. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

VOLUMES of reminiscence are often little more than soporifics, except perhaps to those who take a lively personal interest in the author. This is in no sense true of this book. Sir Lionel Phillips necessarily has much of interest to tell. Kimberley in the old days, when it was six hundred miles from the nearest railway, almost suggests a page of ancient history, till we read of Rhodes and Jameson, then young men, as the author's associates. The changeful history of the Transvaal and the recurring troubles with the Zulu chiefs provide material for a short but instructive chapter. As one who took a prominent part in the development of the Rand, the author has much to say on the physical characteristics of the district and the industrial conditions prevailing. On the questions connected with the Raid we get the point of view of the men of Johannesburg. In the years after the Raid and before the establishment of the Union of South Africa the author acted as the intermediary of the

mining interests in their dealing with Botha and Smuts, and was for a time a member of the Union Parliament. The book is illustrated with some good photographs.

Memorials of Albert Venn Dicey. Edited by R. S. Rait. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

THE letters, diaries and conversations of such a man as the late Professor Dicey, the keenest observer of political developments of his age, would be expected to be full of wisdom and brilliance. But Mr. Rait fails to convey an impression of the greatness of his subject. It may be that the letters and diaries to which he has had access have confined him to too narrow a circle.

The truth seems to be that Dicey was by nature a slow worker. He produced in the course of a long life three monumental books—enough to preserve his reputation for at least a century—but all his production was heavy travail and he was lacking in the literary quality that can run brilliant riot in scintillating epigrams and memorable phrases. This slowness in the "uptake" may explain his comparative lack of success at the Bar, and it certainly was not calculated to make him a brilliant letter-writer. Here and there, of course, there are flashes of insight, as one might expect. Dicey prophesies brilliance for Woodrow Wilson some years before his fame arrives; he writes, quite by the way, some interesting comments on the unfitness of the American mind for an exacting foreign policy, and tells an interesting story that shows the spirit of prohibition in the germ at Princeton before the close of the last century. What we really gather from the book is an impression of a kindly man, a little diffident of his great powers, and too shy, perhaps, to do himself full justice.

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Burton the Anatomist. Edited by G. C. F. Mead and R. C. Clift. Methuen. 5s. net.

WE suppose that it must be taken for granted that long books are not only out of fashion, but that modern readers have lost the ability to read through even one of them. Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' was certainly made—though not intended—for desultory reading, and the author evidently feared as much when he printed the skeleton plan on which it is constructed. The editors have made an amusing selection from the work, representative of its good points, and in a few cases, quite properly, of its *longueurs*. Dr. Rouse has contributed a preface which shows that he, too, is a student of Burton's style.

Commercial Year-Book of the Soviet Union, 1925. Compiled and edited by Louis Segal and A. A. Santalov. Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.

THIS book is the first attempt to give anything like a full account of the various commercial activities of the Soviet Union. It has profited much by following the arrangement of the old 'Russian Year Book,' which was one of the most useful guides to foreign trade that could be imagined. This book contains the latest statistics published as to industry, agriculture, foreign trade and finance, and besides this gives us an account of the constitution, patent laws, and Customs tariffs of Russia under the present rulers. We suppose the statistics are as much to be relied on as Russian statistics have always been. We remember that they used to vary according to the Ministry that issued them.

A Discourse upon Usury. By Thomas Wilson. Edited with an Historical Introduction by R. H. Tawney. Bell. 15s. net.

WILSON, who wrote the earliest systematic work of literary criticism in English (1553), was a civilian, and a Master of the Court of Bequests, the poor man's Chancery. In his time international commerce was rapidly extending, and the medieval restrictions upon usury were felt to be out of date, although the ecclesiastical authorities persisted in the claim that economic matters were part of the province of religion. The work was in the form of a dialogue in which a lawyer, a preacher, and a merchant put their case as to the lawfulness and necessity for interest; each of them in the simplest and most direct manner. Mr. Tawney's Introduction of some 170 pages is a very full and accurate study of the social conditions prevailing in the sixteenth century. Though there were a few great capitalist industries in the large towns, the bulk of English industry, whether farming or manufacturing, was carried on by small masters employing one or two hands, and usually without the necessary capital, so that borrowing was an almost universal practice. The peasant and small master, the needy gentleman, and the financier on a large scale are considered at length, and the antecedents of banking followed up. The work is a valuable addition to the library of economic science.

Three Plays of Plautus. Translated into English Verse by F. A. Wright and H. L. Rogers. Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS latest volume of the 'Broadway Translations,' gives lively and often happy versions of the *Rudens*, *Aulularia*, and *Pseudolus* of Plautus, with an Introduction of some length by Mr. Wright. In it there are a number of interesting discussions as to the true spirit of Latin poetry, apropos of Plautus as a poet. Plautus is certainly more amusing than Terence, and our translators have preserved much of his fun and his tricks of language. The *Rudens* is one of the best of the score of plays attributed to Plautus, and it has been a pleasure to renew our acquaintance with it in this form.



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THE BANKS AND THE NATION

By SYDNEY BROOKS

I AM not in the least one of those who regret the passing of the silent banker. He was silent partly because he had little to say and partly because he lived and worked in a less complex age. But we of to-day, who are distracted by a thousand jangling cries and who thoroughly understand that nothing can be right with a country if its finance or its banking and currency system is wrong, ought to be grateful to the chairmen of the "Big Five," who annually, and at no niggardly length, deliver themselves of their views on those fundamental problems of national policy that come peculiarly within their province. I do not know that all of us are grateful, but certainly all of us ought to be. I, for one, sit year after year at the feet of Mr. Goodenough, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Leaf, and their brother hierarchs, with the feeling that the men of no other nation receive half so good an education as Englishmen in the principles of finance, and in their practical application to our present circumstances.

But there is one omission that I seem to notice in their addresses—a characteristic inability to blow their own trumpets. They hardly mention, and appear therefore almost to undervalue, the services which the British Joint-Stock banks have rendered the nation and the conspicuous success with which they have weathered the turmoils of the past decade. Of all our primary industries banking, I should say, is the one that best stood the strain of the war and has most thoroughly and triumphantly adapted itself to the conditions of the peace. The war exposed many weaknesses in our national equipment and our administrative outlook and methods, but it signally vindicated the principles on which British banking had long been conducted. Yet at one time nothing seemed less likely than that. It used to be one of the favourite pastimes of the pessimists during the early stages of the war to deafen our ears with laudations of the German banks. Their size and driving power, their air of massive efficiency, the closeness of their alliance with industry, their achievements in pushing German trade abroad, became the theme of I know not how many panegyrics. And we were all made equally familiar with the facile counterpart picture of the British banks as aloof and lumbering institutions by comparison with their bustling rivals of Berlin.

Undoubtedly the great German banks were and are *sui generis*. We have nothing like them here. But that, so far from being a defect in our mechanism of finance, is indirectly a proof of its efficiency. The typical German bank, to-day as before the war, is a clearing bank, an accepting house, an issuing house, a discount company and a promoting syndicate rolled into one. But all these functions are performed in London by separate concerns and institutions, each specializing in its own particular sphere. To contrast the German banks with the British Joint-Stock banks—

the form the comparison used invariably to take—was therefore to contrast the whole of Germany's system with only a fraction of ours. Germany's unified banking organization, while a weapon of great power in the hands of a country with a long financial leeway to make up and struggling for a place in the sun, was quite unsuitable to a land like ours, the financial centre of the world, with an assured and long-established position and with commitments in every corner of the globe. Not only was our system better adapted to our more varied needs and our greater responsibilities, but it remains a more scientific, more mature and more highly-developed system than the German.

The truth is that two totally different conceptions underlie German and British banking. The German banker is as much a trader as he is a banker. He involves himself directly in the success or failure of the particular concerns that he undertakes to finance. He becomes a partner in the business; he is represented on the board; he controls and often directs its management. But the British banker is a lender of credit and his primary business is to take care of the moneys deposited with him. Where we differentiate the functions of the banker and the trader the German combines them; and that perhaps is the fundamental distinction between the two systems. Given Germany's situation as it was when she became united, the banking system she devised was probably the most effective of all possible levers for helping on German industry. But it entailed enormous risks and liabilities; it led to the erection of a huge superstructure on a shaky foundation; it meant trading on the narrowest of narrow margins; and it implicated industry and finance in national and international politics to such an extent that those may not be far wrong who believe that the war was partly determined upon to save a top-heavy edifice from crashing to the ground.

I think, therefore, it may fairly be held that the very testing experiences of the past decade have demonstrated the superiority of the British over the German banking system and the wisdom of our clearing banks in sticking to the business they know best. There was a time, shortly after the Armistice, when they seemed inclined to venture into provinces with which they were less familiar and to expand on the pot pourri lines of the Deutsche Bank. But their experiences in fields already amply covered by other agencies proved more salutary than agreeable and it is one more token of the essential soundness that marks the management of the British clearing banks that their character and policy should be substantially the same to-day as before the war.

In size on the other hand they have very greatly changed. The process of amalgamation, immensely stimulated by the war and its aftermath, has even now not reached its limits. We are almost, indeed, within measurable distance of realizing Mr. Sidney Webb's forecast of one colossal bank under one general manager, "probably a Scot." Even as it is the

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We have bigger banks. Have we therefore larger facilities? If two banks consider a given firm good for, say, £10,000 apiece, will they, after being fused into one concern, consider the same firm good for £20,000? That is putting in a brief and crude form the doubt which has undoubtedly affected many men's minds when they view these gigantic amalgamations and realize that they represent an economic tendency which can never be controlled from without, except by the disastrous expedient of a State monopoly of banking. There is a human and personal element in the judgment of all credit questions which cannot be eliminated; and it is not yet by any means certain that the greater size of the banks of to-day and their increased capital have added to their capacity—and what is equally important their willingness—to grant larger credits. I have heard traders complain that on the whole the amalgamated banks have diminished rather than increased facilities in the aggregate, and I have heard men in the City, who ought to know, speak of the narrowing of the bill market since the advent of the "Big Five" as "undoubted."

It is probable, however, that on both these points a definite judgment cannot yet be formed. Five or ten years hence the effect of these huge financial consolidations upon the credit facilities of the country will

be a fruitful matter for inquiry. Meanwhile, there is this to be noted—that the most palpable and powerful concentration of financial power ever known in these islands is regarded not only without hostility, but with very little adverse criticism of any kind. There is nothing resembling a popular rising against "the money Trust." There is no agitation of the public mind, there are no apprehensions in the commercial community, such as would unquestionably have occurred in the United States and long before now would have hurried the national legislature into repressive Acts of Congress. Mr. Leaf, in his recent address to the shareholders of his institution, devoted a large part of it to presenting the case against the nationalization of the banks. But I cannot detect the faintest indication of any real movement of opinion in favour of a State monopoly of banking, except on the part of those who advocate the Government ownership of everything ownable. The "Big Five" appear to be accepted by the nation without a qualm of unfriendliness or suspicion.

Why is this? The answer is to be found very largely in the good sense both of the nation and the banks. There cannot be any real conflict of interests between the two so long as the management of the "Big Five" is in sound and clean hands and so long as the nation remains economically sane. The country feels that the banks have done their fair share in sustaining the war-torn edifice of British trade and credit during the post-Armistice period. But it feels also an instinctive confidence in the character and patriotism and judgment of the men who direct these vast amalgamations and in the banking tradition that they have inherited. The atmosphere of general trust and goodwill that surrounds the "Big Five" is an expression of the popular faith in their competence and straightforwardness and their capacity to resist the besetting temptation of power—its abuse. While that atmosphere lasts no other safeguard is needed on either side.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

SURPRISE has been expressed at Mr. Walter Runciman's statement, in his speech at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Provident Institution, that 15,000,000 small investors are capitalists in that they hold War Loan, War Savings Certificates or Post Office Saving Bank deposits. I welcome the publicity that has been given to this fact because, as I have repeatedly said, the very small investor is neglected by those who issue really sound securities, and is too frequently left to the mercy of the financial sharks who pester him with alluring offers likely to appeal to the uninitiated. In view of Mr. Runciman's statement I may be forgiven if I again refer to the desirability of the Treasury framing their next Conversion scheme on lines that will appeal to these small investors. I would also draw the attention of Issuing Houses of repute to the fact that in making issues they generally ignore the small investors, whose aggregate applications would astonish them if an issue were made in a form suitable to their requirements. Not only is it extremely important to the country that thrift should be encouraged, but it is the duty of everyone to see that the small man's savings are invested with safety.

DEFAULTING STATES

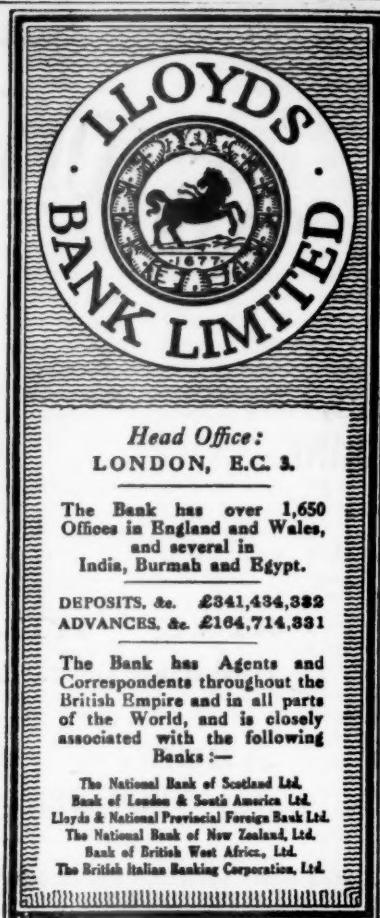
The fifty-first annual report of the Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders has been issued this week. The Council regret to report that while the Government of the United States has during the past year devoted much attention to the question of the payment of obligations incurred by its Allies during the Great War, no steps have been taken by the defaulting States of the Union to recognize and pay their debts. From correspondence and publications in the Press, the Council believe that most people in America think these debts represent money lent to the Southern States during the American Civil War to carry on the struggle against the Federal Government.

INDUSTRIAL LOANS

This is, of course, entirely wrong; the loans were contracted for industrial purposes, either before or since the Civil War. The excuses put forward by the defaulting States—such as that the borrowed money was placed in investments which proved unremunerative, or that it was misappropriated by one of the State's officers, or that the loans were contracted under an administration imposed on them by the Northern States—are, of course, absolutely invalid and would not be listened to in a Court of Law. Unfortunately the Bondholders themselves are precluded by the eleventh amendment to the Constitution of the United States from bringing these defaulting States into Court. This restriction does not, however, apply to a suit brought by a State, and in the two cases where a State could be induced to act as plaintiff, the defaulting State was ordered to pay. It is only fair to say that when the facts have been brought to the notice of American correspondents they have in most cases expressed their surprise and mortification in the strongest terms.

AMERICAN WAR DEBTS

While on this subject it may not be out of place to revert to a parallel in the year 1776. On October 26 of that year, Benjamin Franklin sailed from America to France as a special agent to borrow money for carrying on the War of Independence against Great Britain. His mission was successful, for between 1777 and 1782 France expended 60,000,000 dollars by loan or gift to the Colonies. At Versailles on July 16, 1782, a treaty was signed by Gravier de Vergennes,



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on behalf of Louis XVI, and Benjamin Franklin, on behalf of the United States of America, in which the King of France wiped out the arrears of interest due and in addition assumed the charges, commissions, and cost for these loans.

NEWSPAPER SHARES

Renewed activity has been shown of late in Newspaper shares. This is based on rumours of a further sale of a group of papers by the *Daily Mail* Trust to the Allied Newspaper interests. At the moment of writing no official news has been issued, but I expect to hear in due course that a deal has been effected in connexion with certain Glasgow papers. It is interesting to note that of the £8,000,000 debentures authorized by the *Daily Mail* Trust, Ltd., under £2,000,000 are outstanding. This recent deal should enable the major portion of these to be paid off. The *Daily Mail* Trust holds 800,000 deferred shares of £1 each in Associated Newspapers, Ltd., which company owns the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Weekly Dispatch*, and *Overseas Daily Mail*, and has a controlling interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. The *Daily Mail* Trust in addition holds large investments in other newspaper interests. The issued capital of the *Daily Mail* Trust consists of 2,014,500 £1 shares, 2s. paid. The majority of these shares are held by *Daily Mirror* Newspapers, Ltd., and *Sunday Pictorial* Newspapers, Ltd. It will be seen that the paying off of these *Daily Mail* Trust debentures will have a marked effect on the revenue of the *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Pictorial* Companies, which two Companies also hold the entire issued capital of the *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Herald*, Ltd. As the *Daily Mirror* owns a large holding of *Sunday Pictorial* shares, I believe that *Daily Mirror* £1 Ordinary shares are the pick of the newspaper group. I recommend these shares at the present price of £6 15s., as I think they will show capital appreciation in the next twelve months.

DAILY MIRROR LTD.

In view of the somewhat involved position outlined above, it may be advisable to enumerate the assets of the *Daily Mirror* Company, which are:

- (1) The *Daily Mirror*.
- (2) A large interest in the *Sunday Pictorial*.
- (3) A very large interest in the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Herald*.
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CORPORATION LOANS

A Quadruple Corporation issue was made this week under the auspices of the Corporation & General Securities, Ltd., whose first issue led to so much discussion. These new issues, which were made at 97½%, carrying interest at the rate of 4½% redeemable 1945-1955, are attractive to those looking for this class of trustee stock. The total amount required was £1,100,000, of which Bath asked for £150,000, Grimsby £300,000, St. Helens £400,000 and Wakefield £250,000. The security in each case appears thoroughly adequate.

RUSSO ASIATIC

I hear rumours that representatives of the Soviet Government in Russia are desirous of re-opening the questions so long outstanding between them and the Russo-Asiatic Corporation. I also hear of a possible meeting in Paris. There appears to be unaccountable optimism as to a satisfactory settlement. Russo-Asiatic shares stand at 5s. 6d. They must possess possibilities at this price.

TRAVANCORE TEA ESTATES

Last September I recommended a purchase of Travancore Tea Estates at £5 2s. 6d. I based this

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191

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recommendation on news which reached me that during the year ending September 30, 1924, the Company had greatly increased their profits. The report has been issued this week and a final dividend of 40% less tax has been declared, making, with the 20% already declared, a total of 60% for the year, against 40% for 1923. In view of the very severe slump in the price of tea shares, it is interesting to note that the price is now 61s. 3d.

WEST AFRICAN MAHOGANY

On February 14, I drew attention to the shares of the West African Mahogany Company, and suggested that they possessed speculative possibilities; the shares subsequently rose to 9s. 6d. With the general dullness that pervades markets just now they have fallen back to 8s. I have good accounts from West Africa of this Company, and I again draw attention to the shares.

TAURUS

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition will in future be on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 160.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEET TO TRY THEIR STRENGTH;
EACH HOPES TO WIN, IF BUT BY HALF A LENGTH.

1. Small, but my core's fell strife and battle dread.
2. From table-fowl lop off both tail and head.
3. Useful for thrusts, of no account for blows.
4. A Russian drink curtail, and then transpose.
5. Wheels within wheels who saw, his father find.
6. Alas, poor fellow, he's of unsound mind!
7. Not this it is to back the winning boat.
8. Remove the coins from them whom Joram smote.
9. 'Twas my hard task the future to foretell.
10. Often achieved by those who do not well.
11. Silent and voiceless, mute as stone or stock.
12. In Eastern seas may sometimes strike a rock.
13. Quite without bearing on the case in hand.
14. Mixed in some regions with the river-sand.
15. A flower by Scottish poets often sung.
16. Flows in full streams from many a foolish tongue.

Solution to Acrostic No. 158.

R	eal	M	1	Oil is extracted from the seed of the Rape, <i>Brassica Napus</i> , a plant of the Cabage family.
D	efunc	T	2	<i>Rhea americana</i> , the American ostrich, called <i>nandu</i> or <i>nanduqua</i> by the Brazilians.
I	njustic	E	3	"The full soule loatheth an hony comb : but to the hungry soule, every bitter thing is sweet."
D	rape	R ¹		Prov. xxvii. 7.
I	ntrene	H		4 Sister of the Emperor Augustus, and wife of Antony.
N	and	U ²		
G	ar	B		
H	oneycom	B ³		
O	ctavi	A ⁴		
O	a	R		
D	runkar	D		

ACROSTIC No. 158.—The winner is Mr. J. Doman Turner, 63 Downton Avenue, London, S.W.2, who has selected as his prize 'The Royal Navy as I Saw It,' by Captain G. H. A. Willis, published by Murray and reviewed in our columns on March 14.

ALSO CORRECT. Old Mancunian, Lilian, and St. Ives.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Hely Owen, Vixen, Baithorpe, Martha, Varach, Roid, Carlton, M. G. Woodward, C. H. Burton, B. Alder, A. de A. Blathwayt, Agamemnon, Zylk, East Sheen, G. M. Fowler, Madge, M.S., Tyro, Boskerris, Ceyx, Met, Carrie, Dodeka, Gay, and L. M. Maxwell.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: J. Sutton, Sisyphus, Gladys, P. Lamont, N. O. Sellam, A. E. Spark, Rha Kappa, H. M. Vaughan, Tiner, Mrs. J. Butler, Jeff, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Mrs. A. Lole, Roan, John Lennie, Vron, Iago, Stucco, Beechworth, Kirkton, Quis, Bor-dyke, M. Story, The Pelhams, E. G. Horner, Trike, C. E. C., Doric, Baldersby, and C. J. Warden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 157.—One Light wrong: G. M. Fowler. Two Lights wrong: Trike and Wm. T. Storrs.

MOTORING

BRITISH TRADE

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

IT is distinctly encouraging that the recent returns of the Board of Trade show an improvement in the export to import ratio of the motor industry, as compared with the figures for January and February last year. During the first month of this year 2,338 cars and lorries and 1,126 chassis and parts were imported, of a total value of £777,785, as compared with the export of 1,592 British motor cars and lorries and 404 chassis and parts, to the value of £745,522. February import values totalled £729,864, comprising 2,125 cars and lorries, 1,214 chassis and parts; exports for that month comprised 1,571 cars and lorries, 585 chassis and parts, of the total value of £719,451. Tyres and aeroplane parts were imported to the value of £507,888 for the two months, and exported to the value of £545,765. Adding these to the motor vehicles, the first two months of this year give an excess of imports over exports of cars, lorries, chassis and parts of £42,676, which is nearly balanced by £37,877 worth of tyres exported in excess of those imported. For the first two months of 1925 the export value of cars, chassis and parts is over fifty per cent. greater than for the corresponding period of 1924, while with tyres the rise is even greater, being in the neighbourhood of fifty-five per cent.

* * *

Excellent as these official returns are as evidence of foreign appreciation of British cars, their makers are handicapped by the small support they receive from British Government officials abroad. One of the motor trade journals states in its leading article that it is time something was done to enable and oblige our Government officials purchasing cars for use in foreign lands and Overseas Dominions to use vehicles of British manufacture. One knows that British Government officials do not receive large salaries in comparison to their expenses. Therefore one cannot expect them to buy British cars of an expensive make out of their own pockets. But it does seem necessary in cases where fashion is so important a factor in trade that the Ministry or Department responsible for such appointments should at least recommend that the holder of such offices should use British in preference to foreign-made cars, leaving the official to make his choice of which particular type he buys. As motor cars are a necessity to a large number of Overseas officials, it might be well if cars of British make were provided by the Department and formed part and parcel of the trappings of office. Who can imagine a prominent American, French, or Italian official letting down his own country's products by driving about on his official duties in anything but an American, French, or Italian car, respectively? This criticism is not levelled at the parties immediately concerned, but at those Government departments which appear indifferent to the claims of British industry. Yet these departmental officials are nominally there to further political interests, which is synonymous in British minds with bettering our commercial prosperity. Nations cannot afford to lose a chance of advertising themselves any more than manufacturers of goods.

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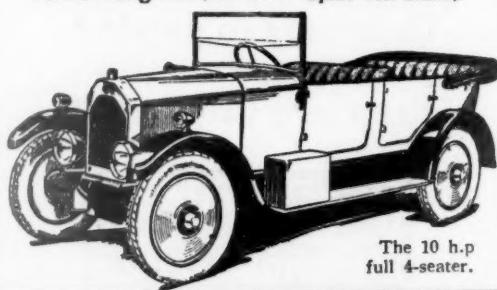
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